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The President Proposes

The President's message to Congress contained no surprises. It summarized the familiar arguments for the measures in behalf of which the special session was called—agricultural legislation, wages-and-hours legislation, governmental reorganization and regional planning. Concerning what was in everybody's mind—the industrial recession—Mr. Roosevelt attempted to reassure business without as yet recommending any definite measures. He rightly pointed out that in fundamental respects we are in no such danger as we were in 1929. A readjustment is necessary, but not a profound and long continued lapse of activity. He correctly alluded to the responsibility of private business for what has happened, and to the hampering effect of the immoderate price increases that have taken place. He pointed out the unquestionable importance of the lag in the construction industry, and promised a future recommendation of something to be done about it. As for changes in the tax laws, he promised to propose remedies for any injustices in the present provisions without creating new injustices, giving special consideration to small businesses. There was a word or two of comfort also for railroads and utilities. What meaning may be put into these words we must examine carefully when the specific recommendations are made.

Dictatorship in Brazil

For years, Brazil has been under a dictatorship. Civil liberties have been suspended; censorship has been complete; opponents of the regime have been imprisoned by thousands and under barbarous conditions. Now President Vargas, who came to power by a military coup seven years ago and has reigned by force ever since, has publicly admitted what has long existed. He has written a new constitution, dissolved all legislative bodies and dismissed every official not completely subservient to him. This is fascism in the popular, if not the exact, sense of the term. Only in the extent of Vargas' candor does it represent anything new in Latin America. Most of our Southern neighbors are under virtual military dictatorships already. Vargas vigorously denies that he is the tool of Germany and Italy, or will join the triple "anti-Communistic" bloc. It is probably true that he would be better off without any Old World entangling alliances; but the chance that he can be successful in standing aloof seems small. Vargas tolerates the Integralista movement, which in turn has German and Italian backing. It is estimated that some 40 percent of the Brazilians are of Italian origin. There is also a huge German colony, which maintains close ties with the Fatherland. One thing is certain: that the Brazilian government is now of such a character that the United States ought to leave it severely alone. For many years, this country has been poorly informed and badly advised by its diplomats in Brazil. The latest appointment, that of Mr. Jefferson Caffery as Ambassador, was one of the worst of all, since Mr. Caffery's previous record had been one of friendliness and even direct assistance to semi-fascist dictatorships in other Latin American countries, and notably in Cuba.

Britain Nationalizes Coal

After many years of investigation and debate, Great Britain has decided to do something fundamental about her ailing coal industry by buying out

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the owners who derive royalties from it. Not only were many of these royalties exorbitant, but the owners' legal power prevented rationalization of the industry in the interest of consumers and wage-earners. Inefficient methods prevailed where modern methods were called for. Worked-out pits needed to be permanently closed; yet their continued existence and intermittent operation kept a large reserve of unemployed to menace labor standards. Consolidations were needed so that the profits of the more efficient mines could be tapped for lower prices and higher wages, rather than allowing levels of wages and prices to be determined by the less efficient concerns with higher costs. All these facts were discovered years ago by royal commissions; nationalization of the mines has long been one of the major proposals of the Labor Party. It is characteristically British, however, that this measure is at long last being adopted by a Conservative government. Prime Minister Baldwin asked the owners what they would sell for; they demanded £150,000,000. The government refused to pay that much, and arbitration, agreed to by both sides in advance, set the figure at £66,540,000. At last there is a clear road ahead for a sensible treatment of this long depressed industry. Will it take the United States another twenty years to come to the same inevitable conclusion?

Labor Board Safeguards Union Democracy

The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers is, on the whole, one of the more progressive unions in the A. F. of L. Nevertheless it is doing itself and the labor movement a disservice by attacking the National Labor Relations Board on the basis of the latter's decision voiding the contract between Consolidated Edison of New York and the IBEW. Consolidated Edison has been, by tradition, strongly anti-union. It formed a company union when collective bargaining became compulsory by law. Its employees, however, organized independently under the IBEW. Thereafter they left the IBEW and transferred their allegiance to the CIO. Soon after the Wagner Act was passed, however, the company made contracts with the IBEW, giving it sole bargaining powers. The CIO objected that the union which had obtained the contracts had made no showing that it was supported by a majority of the employees, and both the regional and national labor boards have now sustained this contention. The CIO has requested and obtained an order for an election to determine the employees' choice. The action on the part of the National Labor Relations Board does not show favoritism to the CIO, but only ordinary common sense in enforcement of a good law.

Mrs. Elinore Herrick, regional director to whom the Electrical Brotherhood particularly objects, has recently issued an excellent report showing not only that a large number of representation cases have been settled successfully, but that a large proportion of these cases resulted in victories for A. F. of L. unions. Neither the Electrical Workers' Brotherhood nor the A. F. of L. can afford to create the impression that they are dependent upon compulsion by anti-union employers to enlarge their membership. They should welcome Labor Board elections to decide such disputes.

Nobel Prizeman

The New York Times was caught off balance. In its unusually complete morgue it carries information about every crossroads congressman and every ex-Minister of every Balkan country, but quite evidently it had nothing at all about the middle-aged Frenchman who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature. A cable to Paris produced only the information that Roger Martin du Gard was a grandfather and was on his way to the Riviera. The truth is that until recently he was known hardly any better in Paris than in New York—which is to say, not at all. In Sénéchal's survey of modern French literature (1934), which devotes a paragraph to practically every Frenchman who ever published a book review, his name is not even mentioned. The facts of his life are simple enough. He was born in 1881; he began his literary career in 1908; he finished a fairly successful novel in 1913; and in 1922 he started publishing his most important work, "Les Thibault," which is now complete in seven parts, printed in ten volumes. Some of the earlier sections were translated into English and published here in two volumes by Horace Liveright (1926); they would have made stirring and delightful reading if anyone except half a dozen reviewers had bothered to read them. As it was, their failure was so utter, so absolute, that American publishers have been known to shudder when they heard the name of Roger Martin du Gard. In France, however, the last three volumes of "Les Thibault," published a year ago this month, brought him a very mild apotheosis. Politically he is a man of the Left, though he takes little part in politics. As a novelist, he belongs to the great tradition of social realism that runs from Balzac through Zola. He is often compared with Jules Romains, but he is much less pretentious and, in our judgment, a better writer. Except for his friend André Gide, he deserves to be awarded the Nobel Prize as much as any man in France.

Near-Fascism in Quebec

The Duplessis Provincial Government in Quebec has often been described as coming closer to the Fascist model than most people would have supposed possible on the North American continent. Premier Duplessis forbids the closed shop, has arrested CIO union organizers, has refused to permit May Day parades and advocates an immigration law which would keep out almost anybody whose political ideas were at all progressive. Some months ago, he put through a "padlock law" which seals up premises held to be used for "propagating communism or bolshevism." This law has now been used against several bookshops, a printing plant, the

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office of a radical Montreal weekly and even a rooming-house in which one of its editors lived. The action has caused an uproar in Canada; a committee of the Canadian Bar Association has questioned the validity of the padlock law, and the Civil Liberties Union proposes to fight it through the courts. It begins to look as though M. Duplessis had gone too far.

The Goose's Wishbone

One of the editors observes that he doesn't know anything about charts and graphs and indices of business activity, but— The people who come into the office and ask him whether there isn't a job open for a bright young man or woman (there isn't) have increased since last April by 54.7 percent. The number of times he has been asked for a nickel, a dime or a quarter on the streets of New York has increased from 27 in the first two weeks of August to 68 in the first two weeks of November—in other words, by 151.9 percent. More of the supplicants beg for "just a nickel." The number of overcoats stolen from editors while they were eating lunch in a good but cheap restaurant has increased by infinity percent, from 0 to 1. These signs, to city dwellers, are like the goose's wishbone by which village wiseacres predict the weather. From all of them he deduces that it will be a hard winter.

The Man Is Mad

It was a crazy thing to do. In the two minutes of silence that marked the climax to England's Armistice Day ceremonies at the Whitehall Cenotaph, Stanley Storey, an escaped lunatic, shouted out, "Stop all this hypocrisy; you are deliberately preparing for war!" Instantly he was silenced by the alert London police who piled upon him in football fashion. King George, it is reported, remained unmoved throughout the incident. Stanley Storey was effectively prevented from additional comment, but his moment of triumph was already complete. Radio and television broadcasts of the ceremony carried his words all over the world; his escapade received attention in the newspapers of many countries, and surely hundreds of thousands of people must have thought, "Why, of course. The man is absolutely right." England is arming faster now than ever before and—though her sorrow at the loss of her soldiers in the last war must be great—the men whose death she honored on November 11 seem to have died in vain. Crazy Mr. Storey—at least for his shining moment—was the sanest of them all.

The Chief Justice's Second Thought

In his article appearing elsewhere in this issue of The New Republic, Heywood Broun criticizes Mr. Chief Justice Hughes for accepting an honorary membership in the American Press Society. On November 15, after the section of The New Republic containing Mr. Broun's article had gone to press, the Chief Justice announced he had resigned his honorary membership. We are sure Mr. Broun applauds his action, as we do. We regret that President Roosevelt, who accepted a similar title in the society, has thus far refused to follow the Chief Justice's example.

News Notes of a Week

Fifteen nations, assembled at Brussels, denounced the Japanese course but did not, for the present, suggest that anything be done about it. Italy voted no, and the three Scandinavian countries abstained. . . . As the Japanese troops moved nearer to Nanking, civilians in large numbers evacuated that city and there were reports that the government might be moved to Hankow. . . . Ramsay MacDonald, long in feeble health, died in the midst of a sea voyage. . . . The Russian purge continued, with several members of the diplomatic corps said to be under arrest. . . . At home, the opening of Congress brought reports of new attempts to strengthen the neutrality law and demand its immediate application in the Far East. . . . Peace negotiations between the CIO and the A. F. of L. continued, without any marked success. . . . Joseph P. Kennedy, head of the Maritime Commission, made a report in which he confirmed the popular impression that the American merchant marine is "a very sick industry." . . . The birthday of Mr. Justice Brandeis brought forth nationwide expressions of good will, in sharp contrast to the abuse poured out upon him when he was first nominated for the bench more than two decades ago. . . . Eighteen public utilities joined in a suit at Chattanooga challenging the constitutionality of the TVA. . . . National Cheese Week (November 7-14) came and went, leaving the world only a little brighter.

Capital's Sit-Down Strike

AS CONGRESS meets in special session, Washington is in a near-panic because private capital is engaged in a sit-down strike which is causing an industrial depression. Steel and other industries making durable goods are lagging because there is a lack of new investments. The terms for settlement presented to Congress and the President by the strike leaders have not yet assumed exact form, but in general they include abolition or reduction of taxes on undistributed profits and capital gains, assurance of less governmental pressure on public utilities, higher railroad rates, more chance to speculate on the stock market, no broad legislation on minimum wages and maximum hours, and perhaps even emasculation of the Wagner Labor Relations Act.

Of course spokesmen for capital in the United States are more subtle in their methods than spokesmen for organized labor. They do not say bluntly, "We will not let industry produce unless you satisfy our demands." They say rather, "Capital is timid and will not enlarge enterprise as long as it is harassed and fears for the future." Or they reiter-

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ate, without adequate explanation or proof, that the recession is due to everything they dislike in governmental policy. If all other plausible arguments fail, they are content merely with asserting that what has been done has injured "confidence."

Congress and the President are right to be worried about immediate economic prospects, but they would be ill advised to attempt to settle the strike by giving in to capital all along the line without making a careful examination of the situation and of the probable efficacy of the remedies suggested by business and finance.

For instance, it is perfectly obvious that the biggest and by far the most important lack of new investment is in the field of building construction. Is this because of profits taxes and governmental harassment of industry? It would be difficult to make a respectable case for such an argument. Thousands of investors in real estate, large and small, were badly burned in the last economic conflagration and are not eager to have another fire. Many of the burns are not healed yet. The urge for home "ownership" has received a long setback. Banks and other mortgage institutions still have on their hands a lot of distressed property and are not eager to finance new construction until it is disposed of. After deflation of real-estate values, it is possible for the present owners to derive larger rental incomes from old structures than from new ones. Construction costs are too high in relation to rents and prices of buildings. Prices of materials are kept high by the monopolistic industries that make and sell them; wage costs are high partly because building labor is still in the handicraft stage and mass production has made little impression on construction, and partly because building labor, on account of the extreme seasonal and other uncertainty of employment, has to have high wages when it works in order to make up for idle weeks and months. It would take much more space than this to enumerate the chaotic ills of the building industry, but we may be sure that these ills cannot be remedied by revising the tax laws or the practices of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

It is worth while remembering that Secretary Mellon and the two Presidents under whom he served, Coolidge and Hoover, believed in the formula that if things were made easy enough for the rich, the poor would prosper. They were principally concerned about fostering capital investment and sustaining business confidence. Yet the business men's government which they represented did not prevent a really disastrous depression by these means. Why should Congress at present be frightened into the same error?

There is a danger that at the moment, without taking measures that might be genuinely pertinent to the present danger, Congress and administrative agencies will overcompensate for the recession in the direction of encouraging capital, and so will contribute to a really unwholesome boom. All the conditions favoring credit inflation and overinvestment are still latent, ready to spring into virulence whenever the conditions are favorable. It is not a moment to lose our heads, or to forget everything we have learned in the past ten years.

England Woos the Fascists

FOR SOME weeks, the conviction has been growing among observers of international politics that a general European war in the near future is less likely than it seemed a few months ago. There are several reasons for this belief, of which the most important is the increasing opinion that Great Britain is determined to make peace with Mussolini and Hitler at almost any cost. If such a policy really did prevent a war, criticism would be difficult. There is danger, however, that on the contrary, a conciliatory policy now will give the dictators a free hand to follow paths that make a military struggle inevitable in the future, while present firmness might bring them to terms and end the danger under which Europe has been living.

For a long time, it was fashionable to say that the pacifism of Downing Street arose from England's lack of military preparedness. England, we understood, was biding her time until she could redress the unequal balance, particularly in the air. To that end she is spending some $7,000,000,000 in the next year or two. In the meantime, it was said, she would not go to war no matter how great the provocation. This may still be the correct explanation, but it seems increasingly unlikely. The events of the past few weeks look much more as though the pro-German, pro-Italian section of the Cabinet had got the upper hand.

After many months of inaction regarding Spain, inaction that told heavily in Franco's favor, Britain now gives every sign of having decided that he is about to win and of quite cheerfully accepting such an outcome. "Trade observers" are being sent to Franco territory who are hardly less than diplomatic representatives. Business arrangements are being made whereby England is to get both raw materials and finished products from the rebel territories. Meanwhile, Italo-British conversations are about to begin in Rome. If they are successful, the two powers will come to a *modus vivendi* in the whole Mediterranean area, including Egypt and Palestine, and Mussolini will be forgiven both his little holiday in Ethiopia and his high-spirited romp in Spain.

On top of this comes Viscount Halifax's visit to Berlin, in the course of which he is to talk things over with Hitler. Mr. Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Minister, was reported in the early editions to be in a temper about Lord Halifax's journey, although his anger seemed to have abated before the five-star final reached the streets. We do not know whether the Eden anguish was genuine or a useful device for public opinion. It might well have been the former, however. For England to send a

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friendly spokesman to Berlin bearing olive branches, only a few days after the news of the German-Italian-Japanese agreement, came perilously close to betrayal of Britain's supposed allies, France and Soviet Russia. It is possible, of course, that the results of Viscount Halifax's visit will turn out to be comparatively harmless. No sensible person could object if the British were to offer restoration of some of Germany's colonies in exchange for a firm promise by Hitler to behave himself—particularly if the colonies restored were some of those Britain now holds. If on the other hand Britain were to sign a separate peace, so to speak, under which she gave the Nazis carte blanche to carry out their plans in Central Europe, it would be a Number One disaster for the world. The things Britain has already done, in the past few weeks, throw a rather startling light on the demand now made from so many quarters that the United States should join hands with the other great democracies in a fight for civilization. The answer would seem to be: What democracies?

Boycott of Japanese Silk

THERE is a fairly vigorous movement in the United States to bring economic pressure against the Japanese war machine by persuading private individuals not to purchase goods imported from Japan so long as she persists in her aggression against China. The movement has been endorsed officially by both the American Federation of Labor and the Committee for Industrial Organization, and several private organizations have been established to help make the ban effective. It has received support, of course, from manufacturers in the United States who are normally forced to compete with Japanese products.

The principle of the private boycott is perfectly sound. It is a good way for the individual to translate his moral indignation at Japan's invasion of China into action and it has not the danger of war inherent in sanctions imposed by one government upon another. It is, however, a complex weapon and in applying it we should understand what its effects will be and where lie the dangers from its use.

The Far Eastern Survey, research bulletin of the Institute of Pacific Relations, in the November 5 issue contains an illuminating study of the subject. To be effective the boycott of Japan's exports must strike primarily at raw silk, which is a major item on Japan's export list and constitutes more than half of the total American imports of Japanese goods. The silk boycott may prove effective for several reasons. First, there is little trouble in identifying Japanese silk because virtually all that used in the United States has come from Japan and, for the most part, it is used in a relatively pure form rather than mixed with other materials. Second, the time is ripe for a consumers' boycott because the greatest single use of silk is in the manufacture of hosiery, an industry whose peak sales come during the next month and a half. Third, cutting down receipts from the sale of silk abroad would intensify Japan's already acute shortage of foreign exchange which she needs to purchase war materials from foreign countries. Finally, the boycott would strike at a large segment of the Japanese population, the two million families who depend entirely or in part upon the silk crop for their livelihood.

These are the favorable facts about the silk boycott and on the surface a strong case is presented for it. However, there are very serious difficulties to consider. To be effective the private-boycott appeal must reach millions of women all over the country. There is no concentrated market where the ban can be applied and, since the available substitutes for silk stockings are quite different, it will require a great deal of enthusiasm on the part of American women to change their buying habits in this respect. A ban on raw silk will place burden on the American manufacturers whose existing machinery cannot be converted to use with other materials. The section of the agricultural population of Japan which will be the most directly affected by a silk boycott has had nothing to do with the aggression in China. Japan's militaristic government will be forced to bear the burden of boycott only to the extent in which it intervenes to aid the crippled industry, although such intervention is very likely in case a serious boycott develops. Finally, while silk is the most important item in Japan's trade with the United States, it is not nearly so vital to her total volume of trade as it was, for example, ten years ago. Japan exports an increasingly varied list of manufactured articles to many countries; to achieve its full aims the private boycott would have to extend to these other countries as well. Only with an aroused and vigorous surge of public opinion can those who hope to use the private boycott to stop Japan achieve concrete success.

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The Present Industrial Depression

Its Nature and What May Be Done About It

WITHOUT knowing anything in detail about the present economic situation in the United States, any economist might have expected that a business recession would now be here. Historically, the average length of the business cycle, from bottom to bottom, is about 3.3 years. The last low occurred in the spring of 1933; on average the present recession is therefore overdue. Of course few specific cycles are of average length; some are shorter and some longer. But inasmuch as the mechanics of the business order are not fundamentally changed—and of course they have not been basically affected by the New Deal—the absence of a slump would require explanation rather than the presence of one.

The same economist might, on the basis of past performance alone, predict also that the existing recession would not be so severe as that beginning in 1929, or that of 1921. The "long cycle," culminating in aggravated economic breakdown, averages about ten years in length. Another economic disaster like the one that is so fresh in our memories would therefore be far ahead of schedule if it should come now. Nor, on the basis of general information, is there any apparent likelihood of a long and deep depression. There has been no marked inflation or speculation, no such overextension of an important industry as the building boom which culminated in 1928. Internationally, too, business continues moderately good.

Our Special Situation.—When we look more closely at what has actually happened, these general observations may be filled in with what looks like a reasonable diagnosis. For the past three years the government has been engaged in a gigantic effort at "pump-priming" by spending large amounts of money which it did not take from the population in taxes, thus creating and distributing additional purchasing power. The pump began to give signs of operating without artificial stimulation. This fiscal year, however, the difference between ordinary governmental expenditures and receipts is about $2,000,000,000 smaller than last year. In addition, the government will collect about $1,000,000,000 in social-security taxes which it will in effect use partly to extinguish the remaining deficit and partly to retire outstanding indebtedness. Thus it has now stopped priming the pump and is instead taking some water out of the spout. At this very moment private business is also diminishing the circulation of purchasing power by restricting its borrowing and spending. If business were expanding rapidly under its own steam, the government cessation of deficit spending might not cause a serious reaction, but under the circumstances a slump is easy to explain.

What Has Happened to Industry?—But what—outside of the stoppage of governmental stimulation—has caused industry to decline? Here we are on less solid ground and must deal with a wide variety of guesses. Some facts at the beginning, however, are indisputable. It is the heavy industries making capital goods that are feeling the slump most severely—especially steel. The boom that they experienced before the recent decline began was not the result of much expansion of construction—usually one of the mainstays of heavy industry. If building were now anywhere near normal, the recession would be far less marked, if it existed at all. Railroad buying, never fully recovered, has dropped again.

The advance that has ended was apparently the sort of thing that frequently occurs during revivals. As trade improved, there developed shortages of many basic materials. Prices of steel and other such materials were raised; there was a sellers' market. Those manufacturers and dealers who needed the materials hastened to get their orders in and built up their inventories, expecting still higher prices. Thus the expansion was maintained for a while, as the materials for manufacture were accumulated more rapidly than consumers would take the manufactured goods off the market. But eventually supply overtook and passed demand. There were no more delays in filling orders. Price increases stopped. Inventories were large. Therefore orders declined and the basic industries have had to curtail operations. This in turn will be reflected in smaller demand in the market for consumers' goods, as unemployment spreads.

Business Rationalizations.—The blame for what has happened is being placed, as usual, on a number of scapegoats which probably had little or nothing to do with it.

It is said, for instance, that the wage increases and reductions of hours accompanying union organization forced price increases which in turn hampered production and investment. This argument overlooks several pertinent facts. The changes in wages and hours were for the most part moderate; the price advances in all probability far more than absorbed any increase in production costs attributable to labor. If this is not true, no reliable accounting figures have been presented, or are available, to disprove it. It is likely that the price advances would

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have taken place anyway, in view of the disparities between supply and demand; they did occur in some commodities which had no perceptible increase of labor costs.

A special case in which wage gains may have had a deterrent effect was railroads, where rates have not been raised enough to cover the increase in the wage bill, unless traffic should grow considerably. It is said that railroads are thus suffering from the fact that their prices, unlike industrial prices generally, are subject to public regulation. But a larger view of the situation would suggest that if the same price policy had been followed throughout industry, production would still be growing, traffic would increase instead of declining, and railroads could continue to buy steel and pay wage advances too.

It is also said that the undistributed-profits tax, the tax on capital gains, regulation of the stock market and other measures of the sort hamper and worry business men, thus rendering them disinclined to invest. There is no space here to argue these points in detail, but it is hardly likely that anybody would fail to make a profitable investment just because his profits will be taxed, or that the stock market would have kept on advancing forever if it had not been regulated. We have already had a spirited revival in spite of all these objections and worries; nothing happened in the summer of 1937 to change the legislation under which business was operating or its view of the President. Yet in the summer of 1937 revival gave way to decline. Some more specific cause must be sought.

What Could Be Done?—It is clear that what ought to have happened during the revival was a continuous expansion in production without rising prices. This expansion would probably have been compatible with at least most of the wage increases —indeed, it could not have been maintained without them, since more wages are required to take more goods off the market. What we need now is therefore lower prices and larger production, without wage cuts, on the whole.

It is also clear, however, that the business order will not of its own accord behave the way it ought. When demand increases, prices will usually rise; they will rise too far and too fast. A planned system, capable of intelligently regulating production and prices in the general interest would have avoided what has happened. A planned system would now correct it by a balanced expansion of output and reduction of prices. But we do not have a planned system, and cannot control production and prices throughout private industry, at least by direct means.

Without such drastic measures, what we must do is wait for the situation to correct itself by the gradual wearing down of inventories and the reduction of prices that are too high, through the pressure of supply on demand. This will work in the more competitive industries, perhaps too well. It will work haltingly in industries with administered prices like steel and other building materials. How long we must wait nobody knows—hardly less than six months.

While we are waiting, we could help to fill in the valley by an expansion of governmental spending, without additional taxation. We could go back to pump-priming, at least in some degree. This proposal will be looked upon with horror by those who have been stressing the importance of balancing the budget. But let us see if there is not a way of doing it that is less frightening than it sounds.

The Nature of Social Security.—We have seen that one of the principal reasons for the current stoppage of governmental stimulation to purchasing power is the collection of social-security taxes. These taxes are being used to build up a fund out of which there will come future unemployment benefits, old-age pensions and the other payments that the new law obligates the government to make. The taxes taken in are invested in government bonds. All this looks like financial common sense. The government is saving against its future obligations as if it were an insurance company.

Actually, however, this process is just a façade of financial symbolism which covers a totally different economic reality. In terms of real goods and services, the government is not saving a single thing that the unemployed, the aged and the other beneficiaries will eventually use. It is saving pieces of paper, not piling up canned goods, clothing or shelter against future needs. What the beneficiaries will receive must come out of the stock of goods and services that are available when they cash their government checks. A whole nation can no more save against future needs by this method than it can pass the real cost of a war on to future generations. Every gun and loaf of bread and hour of a soldier's time that a war generation uses must be provided by that generation. And we cannot really save against future social-security needs unless we now produce the things that the beneficiaries are going to use in the future.

What is actually happening is merely that the government is now taking money from wage-earners and employers and giving it to bondholders. When the fund has to be tapped, the government will in return take the money from the bond purchasers and give it to wage-earners. The case, moreover, is actually worse than that. By taking money from wage-earners and employers, and giving it to bondholders, the government, far from increasing production against future needs, is actually reducing present production. For the people who have to pay the taxes would spend the money for goods if they had it; the bondholders who get it are not spending what they receive in such a way as to expand business activity.

Let's Really Save Something.—If, however, we took the $1,000,000,000 of taxes that are being paid this year by the insured, and built low-cost

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housing with it, we should really be saving something. The new houses would be produced and added to the total of dwelling space in the United States; there would be that much more shelter available when the insured come to need it. The operation would, furthermore, stimulate the weakest point in our present economic framework—construction. An extra billion dollars invested in tangible values, providing employment and markets for materials, would help to cheer things up a bit.

Of course it will seem unsound, according to conservative financial standards, to do anything as practical as that. But let us explain to the conservatives in their own lingo. Will the expenditure require additional government borrowing? No—it will come out of tax receipts. Will it require additional taxation? No—the taxes are already being paid—and by the lowest income-receivers, too. Will it increase the government deficit? No—that will remain as at present on the books, for social-security taxes are not credited against it. The budget will be no more unbalanced than you now think it is. But what about the future obligations against the fund? If we spent the money for housing, the fund would consist of property instead of bonds. Real property is valuable, is it not? Of course, housing is not very liquid, if one has to sell it, especially in time of depression, but good, inexpensive housing is one of the safest income-producers in the world. The experience of Great Britain proves that. The government ought never to sell the buildings, but it could derive a steady rental income from them, and its credit standing would thereby be improved. It could, if necessary, obtain the money needed for benefits by issuing new bonds.

Certainly it is unjust to make workers pay for their future security against unemployment and old age by losing their jobs now. And that is precisely the result that the present social-security program is bringing about.

GEORGE SOULE.

Who Leads the Leader?

The Dilemma of the Nazis and the Army

THE RESIGNATION of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht from his post as Minister of Economics in the Third Reich has given rise to new misunderstandings about the economic policy of the Nazi government. It does not mean any decisive change in economic policy. Nor does it mean a victory of the Nazi Party leaders over the army staff and the banks and trusts, whose representative Schacht has been. To understand clearly the significance of Schacht's resignation, it is necessary to understand the role of the army and the big finance capitalists, and their relation to the NSDAP in the Third Reich.

German militarists are convinced that their next war will be a totalitarian war from the outset, with a more complete regimentation of the entire population than the world has yet seen. Therefore the morale of the people will be a decisive factor—for Germany's economic and geographic weaknesses will entail hardships and impose sacrifices even worse than those they suffered in 1914-18. This compels the Germany army staff to stick to an extremely aggressive war strategy which they hope will achieve a speedy and decisive victory. But recognizing that the war may be prolonged, the war lords are aware of the severe strain that will ensue, bringing the same problems in the very first year of war which the German government and army faced during the last year of the World War.

The decline of the people's morale is a grave problem for German war strategists, making it impossible for the army to maintain the traditional policy of aloofness from internal party struggles. The Reichswehr has previously avoided responsibility for unpopular measures, letting the pre-Hitler parliament take the blame. Many Reichswehr generals opposed Schleicher's taking the chancellorship in 1932, when the Chief of the Reichswehr became responsible for internal policy. The founder of the Reichswehr, von Seeckt, wrote in 1930 in "Die Zukunft des Deutschen Reiches" (p. 134):

> It is most undesirable that the army be called upon to maintain internal public order; that is outside of its functions, which are external, and for this it urgently needs the trust of the people and their complete support, which it risks losing if it is employed as a police force.

The problem of winning the moral support of the army by the people still is decisive for the relations between the army staff and the government today. Under the Nazi regime, army officers are compelled to recognize the principles of the totalitarian state, to acknowledge Hitler as the official army chief and to introduce the Nazi salute in the army. Despite this, the policy of the army has not completely changed. It has not become a docile and willing tool of the Nazi Party, surrendering entire control to Hitler, its commander. Hitler may have full control of the party machine, but no soldier is allowed to be a Nazi Party member. His allegiance is due to the army officers whose orders are supreme for the rank and file.

Although the German army cannot now stand

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"above parties" in the one-party state, and is part of the fascist state, there is a clear division of labor between the army and the armed forces of the Nazis: the SS, SA, the Gestapo, the ordinary police who maintain internal order while the army prepares "the inevitable war." The army resists the Nazi leaders' attempts to get it to do the work of the party, with the consequent loss of prestige and popularity. The army would actively interfere in an internal situation if it threatened to hamper war preparations.

When the Minister of Posts, Railways and Telegraphs retired in 1937, the party bureaucracy wanted to appoint Huehnlein, leader of the National Socialist Automobile Corps, to the vacancy. This is a coveted post, since it disposes of thousands of State jobs. But the army considered the control of railway and telegraph systems too important from a military viewpoint to permit Nazi experimentation. It insisted that a qualified expert get the position, and Dorpmüller, a former railway director, was appointed Minister of Railways, and Ohnesorge, an experienced organizer of the postal and telegraph systems during the War, became Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

In the interests of effective rearmament the army also interferes with the Nazi administration of economics and finance. German militarism suffers from the basic contradiction of financing a rearmament program that undermines "war morale" of the people. Nazi Party leaders blame Schacht for the economic difficulties, but Schacht's influence was based upon his ability to fulfill army demands better than anyone else in the economic and financial field.

However, Schacht's work has disappointed even the army. The gigantic rearmaments program has led dangerously close to an exhaustion of economic and financial resources. The shortage of raw materials which must be imported and of foodstuffs seriously handicaps war preparations. The economic strain affects the spirit of the people and threatens depletion of reserves even before the war starts.

Schacht is generally regarded as the man who rescued the banks and trusts which were bankrupt in 1932, the existence of which as private capitalist institutions is due to huge subsidies of the State. Nazi leaders, demagogically opposed to the big banks and trusts, made Schacht responsible for their recovery. The composition of the Reichsbank board indicates the capitalist forces upon which Schacht relies. Of its thirty-six members, fifteen are representatives of private banks, six of State banks, three of large agrarian interests, two of coal and steel industrialists, one of the chemical industry, two of the manufacturing industry, two of wholesalers and of foreign trade. Only two are State officials, one of whom is a representative of the Nazi Party.

A closer examination of the Central Committee of the Reichsbank reveals the fact that most influential members are the representatives of the big trusts, not of the Nazis. The chairman, F. Andreae, would not be permitted by the Nazi Party to hold any post in any village government, since his wife is a Jewess and the daughter of a former Jewish Democratic Minister—the famous Walter Rathenau, murdered by extreme Nationalists who were eulogized by the Nazis. This does not prevent his son-in-law from being a member of the board of more than twenty joint stock companies. Many German capitalists, particularly manufacturers, dislike Schacht and his policies, but they have been afraid of any available alternative.

Schacht's influence rested upon the backing of the army and the dominant capitalist monopolies. He could never have "rescued" the banks and trusts from their desperate predicament without such support. Nor could he have successfully opposed Nazi policies if the army and big capitalists had not insisted upon the preservation of private capitalism as opposed to any experiments in state capitalism the Nazis favored, such as nationalization of the banks. The chief of the Department for War Economy, Colonel Thomas, interpreted the economic policy of Hitler: "As to industry, we should not forget that the Führer said: 'The new State will not be an entrepreneur. Planned economy must be rejected from the point of view of rearmaments. . . . We insist upon free initiative and full responsibility of the entrepreneur in accordance with the general policy of the state' " (speech at a meeting of the Association for World Economics, Kiel, February, 1937). Goering is not quite the all-powerful economic dictator he seems to be. He in turn is controlled by Colonel Thomas.

The army staff is not opposed in principle to State interference and even State control of industry, but only in so far as such control serves the interests of the army. Reichswehr leaders insist upon maintaining such an economic policy that a maximum of production goes for rearmament and therefor a minimum for consumption. The army does not want to be directly responsible for the economic misery which is increased by the rearmament policy. This is another reason for the army's preference for private capitalist economy. Therefore Schacht could rely absolutely upon army support and had little to fear from the dissatisfied "left-wing radicals" of the Nazi Party who tried to insist upon carrying out the demagogic "anti-capitalist" program upon which they originally gained mass support in the middle class, the peasantry and even among workers.

The outlook for German economy today is extremely gloomy. Until now Schacht's "wizardry" has raised funds internally for the financing of the rearmaments program. But despite his doctrines that the principle of private competitive capitalism is sacred and must be guarded, and that State regulation and control is an emergency measure, nevertheless the old forms of competitive capitalism have been strangled. At the same time scarcity of raw materials handicaps production in many industries and the industrialists rely more and more on State orders.

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Even the Frankfurter Zeitung, champion of competitive capitalism, wrote a warning on July 11, 1937, about the contradiction of the present system:

> Out of import restrictions there arose the system of State administration of raw materials with its system of purchase and processing permits, and prohibitions against investments and certain uses of raw materials; and out of State control of raw materials there arose in turn the control of production, investment and consumption and the regimentation of the volume of labor to be employed for given purposes. The development of the twenty-eight control offices is particularly significant, for this machinery, which is at present responsible for the direction of every economic process, is definitely an emergency measure. This also explains its complicated nature and its obscurities. It would be different if a planned economy of this kind had been deliberately aimed at. The freedom of business is restricted to such a degree that a paralysis of the economic forces is to be feared in the long run.

The ardent defenders of competitive capitalism were forced to establish one State office after another, to multiply the number of bureaucrats upon whom the individual business men are dependent. These "emergency measures" are not organized and coördinated according to a national plan. A chaotic state of affairs has resulted. Schacht's expectations that the shortage of raw materials and foreign currency could soon be ended, so that these State bureaus would become superfluous, has not been fulfilled. The deficiency has grown, and so has the bureaucracy, strangling competitive private capitalism. The establishment of a national system of state-planned economy would be in contravention of the "sacred principles" which Schacht, the army and big capitalists cherish, although many small manufacturers would prefer it to the present "organized" chaos.

Any restriction of armament production would immediately lead to a decrease of industrial production and unemployment. Schacht's efforts to raise foreign credits sufficient to revive industrial production have been in vain. Doors were closed abroad. Except for short-term credits, he could not obtain the foreign loans that German industry and the army require, loans that would have strengthened German militarism and given the Nazis a new lease on life.

The international armament race hits the Third Reich by reducing the chances for military supremacy and a speedy victory in the next war, and by making even worse the prospects for increasing exports. Hence the rulers of Germany are compelled to accelerate rearmaments. This implies a further increase of the economic strain and greater State interference in industry and commerce as opposed to Schacht's plans. The extension of "State capitalism," toward which Germany is impelled by force of circumstances, brings with it the continued growth of the bureaucracy. It also means a decline of the morale of the people and the army.

From a narrow technical viewpoint the German militarists can be very well satisfied with progress made under the Nazi regime. But a war, especially a war waged by a totalitarian State, requires a huge economic reserve plus a high morale among the people and the soldiers. This requirement has not been filled and there is not much chance of improving the desperate situation in the near future. The army must apply the strictest methods to obtain military discipline.

Schacht's resignation will not help the Nazis in overcoming the difficulties and solving the problems with which they are faced. The army will strongly oppose any economic experiments which might end in disaster and a "war of desperation" to which some Nazis might easily resort. But even the army is driven toward an adventurous foreign policy as the only way out.

Hitler's pacifism is based upon the realization that Germany cannot be victorious in a major war that again becomes a protracted war or a war of exhaustion. German war morale would soon collapse and a proletarian revolution might be the outcome. Hence Germany seeks to provoke wars which involve and weaken rival powers and shift the balance of power in her favor. German militarists, despite ostensible friendship with Mussolini, were disappointed that the Ethiopian war ended before France and Britain were drawn into a major conflict.

Similar ends are sought by the Nazis in Spain and in China. Although Nazi Germany is allied with the regime in Italy and Japan in a "holy crusade against communism," the Nazis hope the wars in Spain and China will not end until other big powers become directly involved and weakened. Hitler wants the "friendship" of Britain, but will secretly or openly promote any conflict that weakens or embarrasses actual or potential rivals. On account of the fundamental weaknesses of German militarism, the Reichswehr and the Nazi leaders seek by all means to get the "have" powers so deeply involved in Asia, Spain or Africa that Germany will be free to act independently.

G. REIMANN.

This is the second of two articles on the morale of the Nazis.—THE EDITORS.

The Football Season

A Digest of the Autumn Sports Pages

The elusive pigskin . . . all roads led to . . . coveted pasteboards . . . not a vacant seat in the vast stadium. . . . Bulldog . . . the last minute of play . . . Rose Bowl . . . "in praise of Old Nassau" . . . the Secretary walked across the field between the . . . alumni flay coaching system . . . injury puts Blevitch out of next Saturday's game. . . . Harvard, however . . . Michigan, however . . . Cornell, nevertheless . . . far from being discouraged by Saturday's defeat . . . the 5-yard stripe . . . greatly encouraged and heartened by last Saturday's victory . . . like another Kelley . . . the third stanza . . . the aerial department . . . not to be denied . . . elated by 1938 prospect,

F. P. A.

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Not in the Cables

I: Massacre in Santo Domingo

TWO YEARS ago Haiti and the Dominican Republic signed a border treaty ending an almost century-old frontier dispute, and the Presidents of those nominally republican governments (Stenio Vincent and Rafael Leonidas Trujillo) were so pleased with their work that they permitted themselves to be nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize. Work was started on a new network of border roads intended to develop the interior and facilitate communication between Port-au-Prince and Ciudad Trujillo, once known as Santo Domingo City. Both governments provided commissions to supervise the new developments, and it seemed that national and racial animosities dating back to Henry Christophe's day were finally over.

But last October 25 strange reports came from Haiti saying that "riots" somewhere on the border had taken the lives of 300 laborers in Dominican territory. The macabre and almost fantastic rumors gained weight as further reports came from Havana, Port-au-Prince and Washington. Elias Lescot, Haitian Minister, appealed to President Roosevelt, and Andres Pastoriza, Dominican Minister, said that the whole business was a "private dispute" and a "closed incident." Today cumulative evidence indicates that between 1,000 and 5,000, possibly more, Haitians living in northwestern Santo Domingo were slaughtered, and that many more fled westward across the Massacre River (ironically enough!) into Haiti.

According to the most reliable accounts, the Haitians were rounded up near Dajabon in the north, herded together and slaughtered without respect to sex or age by the Dominican police and military, who acted with the assistance of either volunteers or impressed deputies. In Monte Christi, on the coast, fifty or more Haitians are said to have been killed and thrown into the sea. From Ounaminthe, across the Massacre River from Dajabon, fires could be seen for a week, probable funeral pyres for hundreds of hapless victims who did not move westward fast enough. Busloads of wounded and dying moved across the border, and eyewitnesses told of seeing 400 Haitian dead buried in a single trench. Until more complete accounts arrive it will be impossible to estimate the real extent of this violence.

The Dominican Republic, twice the size of Haiti, has less than half as many people. Haiti is overpopulated, underrationed and poverty-stricken. There is a large supply of willing labor and not enough work. There are no welfare organizations to solve the problems of the landless and the unemployed. The most fertile parts of the country are owned or leased by foreign corporations, which pay Haitian laborers at the rate of 20 cents a day. If there are no 20-cent jobs available, no land to be worked for a starvation-level existence, Haitians have no choice but to migrate, and that means crossing the Dominican frontier to land which is open and unexploited. No longer is the surplus of Haitian labor swallowed up by the sugar industry of Cuba. Furthermore, thousands of Haitians who went to Cuba to work are being repatriated. The most common remark of the Haitian population is today, as it has always been, *"moin gagnin grand gout"* (I am hungry).

Trouble on the border is not new. But the present incident promises to become a monument to Dominican initiative. Trujillo does not want a "Negro republic," but a "light dictatorship." And what he wants he usually gets in Santo Domingo.

HAROLD COURLANDER.

II: Fascism in Rumania

INTERNATIONAL fascism has been meeting increasing resistance in Rumania. There are signs and portents that the democratic forces in this Balkan kingdom are waking up. The brown and black offensive is still in full swing, but its momentum seems to have lost some of the force of a few months ago.

Last April the Fascist Iron Guard overplayed its hand when it backed Prince Nicholas against King Carol. Realizing that the Green Shirts were plotting to establish a military dictatorship, the King took strong measures against the "All for Our Country League." He went farther than his critics had expected; he had legislation passed that stripped the Iron Guard of their uniforms and, for a time at least, drove them off the streets. Consequently, Bucharest presents a welcome contrast with conditions of a year ago, when Guardists carried on a reign of terror against all who dared oppose them.

But the greatest blow the Iron Guard has suffered is the recent death of General Charles Adolph Cantacuzinu, fire-eating sixty-eight-year-old fanatic who was the directing genius of the Green Shirts. He combined ruthlessness with an arrogance that made him feared by thousands. He did not hesitate to threaten Cabinet Ministers, even the King. Shortly before the assassination of Premier Duca, Cantacuzinu wrote to the martyred leader that his ban against the Iron Guard was his death warrant. Cantacuzinu's death has temporarily removed the driving power of the Iron Guard.

Although their offensive has encountered obstacles, the Fascists have by no means dropped their plans to gain control of Rumania. Their newspapers

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carry on an unceasing tirade against the democratic majority. Their politicians, men like Cuza, Goga and Codreanu, continue to stir up trouble and plot against the parliamentary system. At the busiest street corner in Bucharest there is a flaming poster of the Partidul National Crestin of Cuza and Goga, enclosed in large swastikas. This party is considered today to be the third strongest in Rumania, with eighteen deputies in parliament.

When all is said and done, however, the fact remains that the vast majority of Rumanians are either indifferent or hostile to the Fascist forces. Rumania has little to gain by war or by ideological conflicts, and she has everything to lose. Most Rumanians realize that fact. When Titulescu fell last year there was rejoicing in the Fascist camp. The pro-French Foreign Minister was out; a reorientation of Rumanian foreign policy was expected. But Titulescu's successor, Victor Antonescu, has been a keen disappointment to the reactionary forces. Although he has followed a somewhat more independent policy than Titulescu, he has given no encouragement whatever to fascism. As for relations with the Soviet Union, Dr. Antonescu told the writer that they are now on a "perfectly normal and regular footing, marked by a sincere desire for friendly coöperation."

What is causing most uneasiness at present among the Fascist groups is the prospect of a general election in the near future. Recent municipal voting has gone against the Iron Guard and the Cuza-Goga party. The reactionaries fear that the next general balloting may sweep into office some anti-Fascist. That possibility threatens the ambitious plans for conquering Rumania that are being concocted in Berlin and Rome. HENRY C. WOLFE.

Piano in the Band

THEY BURIED Bessie Smith just the other day. She was a great handsome chunk of a woman and still so much in her prime you'd never dream her fifty years; but they picked her out of an automobile smash-up in Memphis and put her in the ground, and now there is nothing left of Bessie, who was the great girl they called the Empress of the Blues. And so I think it is a good idea to speak about the good musicians who are left, as quickly as we can, while they are still among us.

When you go to hear the great Benny Goodman band in New York (the word is great; and you'd better go), you will notice after a time that the band has someone it uses for playing the piano. This piano player will never steal the spotlight. He is slight, youngish, but with a shot of gray in his absolutely straight black hair, and with a sort of funny Irish face, usually absorbed. He is getting a permanent hook in his back from reading scores off a flat piano top (he knows most of them by heart; just studies them to pass the time now), and his natural attitude is one of a kid doing algebra homework, dutiful and patient but cribbing the answers—he snickers to himself, for example, when he finds a little hole Benny hasn't plugged up and drives a minor third into it. He is a Chicago musician, from the old-time big-time; his name is Jess Stacy.

If you move up closer you will hear him come in for a little digging now and then, Gene Krupa giving him that extra *bum bum* on the foot pedal, "Hey Jess," and Benny raising his eyebrows in the signal for what-the-hell-goes-on-here, or coming over to buzz a couple of high clarinet tones right in Jess's ear, and Harry looking down from the bass like the full moon. Jess proves to be just the butt for that sort of thing, because his face begins to get red and flustered, he ducks his head a little lower, which makes his eyes bug a little as he tries to keep everybody in sight and the score too, and he twitches as though one of the girls had tickled him in a severely unmentionable place just as the curtain was going up (Aw, *fellers,* cut it out will you?), and you can see his hands begin to hop. But if you are that close, you can hear how that big band piano is getting played.

Jess Stacy is above everything else a band pianist, the hands powerful on the full heavy chords, the fingers trained down to steel in bringing out both ends of an octave at once through any din, wrists, hands and fingers quick and skimming in a working musician's economy of motion. In such a job, some play a style that is clearly expressed in the term "ump-ah," and some in the butterfly style—*i.e.,* you don't do much until the orchestra pauses for breath, when you immediately play a little right-hand fiddle-dee-diddle of notes above the staff, spattering the place with Duchin, in brief.

Jess plays neither style or all of them, for he uses the piano as both an orchestra in miniature and a linking force among its separate parts, tying the chorded beat of the rhythm section into the melodic line, providing a sort of common base as between brass and reeds, filling out the chords of each. His own summing up of it has the true clarity of one who must find words for his meaning, not a meaning for his words: "What I try to do—" Jess says. "Look, I try to *melt* with the band." It is a simple word, but all the meanings are there in it: nuance, mood, touch, attack, phrasing, harmonic direction, what not. Because it is still in the unspoiled charm of its youth, this jazz music has never troubled to build a complicated breastwork of definitions. Jess and the rest have an *active* knowledge of how a tune may run, of how the value of a chord may be shifted—by its place in the general pattern (where it rises from

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and leads to), by its attack, duration, the color of its key and measure of its contrast, the sonority dependent on which of its notes are uppermost.

All these things are in his ears and head and fingertips, that is what he's up to as he sits on the bench there, with his head craned over and his hands hopping, his ear sharpened for all the voicing of instruments, building up under the soloists or falling away to quiet backgrounds, letting a good chord bang out against the beat. Unless you sit under the piano you might not notice him at all in his general place, because he does not shoot cuffs or shake his hair down, and never bounces up off the keyboard as though it were a balloon tire and caught him by surprise. But then the band comes down to the release and Benny holds up one finger and Jess nods, Yes, he'll take it; someone floods the spot over, the faces on the floor turn, and 1, 2, 3, 4—1, 2 . . . *Jess!* And there is Jess out in the open all by himself. At which time he seems to draw into the piano, very small behind its bulk and in all that light, and his hands begin to fly both ways from the center—and you'd think he had been waiting all his life to catch a piano and this one was going to fade away in another minute. On a quiet night you will be close enough to watch his face, as red and foolish as ever and a little more, because the lines around his mouth twitch and his long nose gets a sort of wrinkle, and he takes on the silliest look as he sneaks up on some special close harmony and holds off everything else to make it ring like a gong, and then pretends to play off away from it, and then pounces back onto it, driving it in cross-rhythms three, four, five times over.

If you listen with some love of the stuff you will hear many things in the spare phrasing and calculated attack of this music. There are echoes from way back, and there is a special background in music—the attitude toward it and way of playing it developed by the boys around Chicago years ago, when jazz was coming up the Mississippi from New Orleans and shifting its center to Chicago. Krupa is from that center, Benny and Harry Goodman are too; but Jess Stacy is a man who goes back farther, older than any of them though still in his creative youth. He goes back to James P. Johnson and Pine Top Smith, beyond the time Louis Armstrong left the riverboats to work in Chicago and New York. And you can hear not only the new beauty of each figure as he plays it, but the overtones of the tradition it is played in, what he gathered from the best men and now plays in memory of their genius.

Jess Stacy was born (1904) in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, a town 150 miles down the river from St. Louis. He started on piano when he was twelve. His family being respectable Irish and poor, he went to high school and scrabbled around at odd jobs between times—jerking sodas, playing small non-union dates, at one time working as a hand in a barrel factory. He got within a few credits of graduation and then went on working. Finally, at the age of twenty, he got his first really professional job, $35 a week and room and board, with the band on a riverboat.

The boats came into town with as much gala as possible, inviting passengers to go aboard for an evening of dancing on the river, to the strains of their absolutely superior dance orchestra. (Jess got $5 extra a week for playing the calliope as the boat came in around the bend); up and down the river and all its navigable tributaries, from town to town, for thousands of miles. He covered the whole network before he was through. All the time he was hearing musicians; long before, he had gone to hear Fate Marable's band when it played his home town, with Louis Armstrong riding his silver horn, with Babe and Johnny Dodds; and that was the time when "Whispering" came out. And after a while he noticed, when they played a certain town, a little old round-faced kid who came aboard nightly to listen, his eyes wide and cheeks still like an apple—a shorty kid who'd never more than heard of a bottle then, but had such music in his heart that in the brief years before the bottle got him he released some of the finest notes in the country—Jess saw Bix Beiderbecke and sat in with him later, and still in 1937 speaks his name with reverence and happy memory, for he will endure no other trumpet player before him. Bix sat in with Charlie Evans in Moline, Illinois, and later played the Greystone Ballroom in Detroit with Jean Goldkette; and at that time his peer, Louis, was at the Sunset Café in Chicago.

Jess kept playing and listening, getting nowhere much himself but going as high as $95 a week in Chicago music. Then the down grade ("bye and bye hard times"), and all the miserable salary cuts, lack of notice. He actually got down as low as $21 at the Subway Café when John Hammond came across him there. He had lost all hope, with all his friends dead or forgetfully famous, playing his fine music as uncompromisingly then as he always had—but who was there to hear it, outside of the night's handful of stumblebums? He got back up to $55 by the time Hammond got onto Goodman, and Goodman got an opening, and gave Jess the call.

About any musician who has to pull it out of himself as he goes along, the same thing is true as of poets: there are stretches of stuff that any competent man could have done, and then the burst of something that till now was never done, never imagined, lovely with the dew on it. On the latest Hampton record of "After You've Gone," for example, Stacy's solo is good average piano for the first six bars—and then there is this thing the boys mean when they say "out of this world," running strong through four bars, gradually tapering off through the last ten. Analyzed, it is simply the old piano blues style (a sort of *oink*-ily, *oink*-ily, *oink*-ily effect), but it comes in at just the spot in just the register to mix pleased recognition with delighted surprise, banking two separate phrases against each other to link them inextricably. With his Quartet, incidentally, Teddy Wilson does the same sort of thing in a double-faced record called "In a Mood," a blues. In this case it is a man carrying 48 bars that

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are beautiful throughout, but rising even above that in his sixth and seventh. Both of them, one Negro and one white, are playing the same instrument at the top of their field, working in the same organization. Otherwise they are two different men. Wilson is more creative and his own melodist; Stacy is more the man who swings the band, always listening.

Jess Stacy has had those comical ears of his spread for music so long that it is a pleasure and a means of correction to go over musicians with him. "He doesn't make it sing like Bix," I say; and "You know a thing about Bix? He didn't give a *damn*," Jess says; and we each know what the other is talking about.

And when Teddy is playing between sets or with the quartet, Jess has his ear turned sideways and his mind remote from the chatter around the table. He once copied off a Wilson solo broadcast from the playback, note for note ("to see if I could just find what makes that man so *good*"). I'm not talking about surface poses, arms over shoulders for the camera, etc.; I mean from long hard day to long hard day. "Anybody I *really* admire," Jess is liable to blurt out any time of the night and off the record, "it's that little old Wilson." It is rather funny to see them independently, both quiet at their work, the younger man (Jess was learning the trade when Teddy was three) getting all the limelight of the quartet work and gathering fame about him like heat lightning, the veteran playing longer hours for less attention, and none of this rushing to the head or bile of either. Presently the band is up and Teddy comes to sit behind Jess's piano, to watch his hands. "Only wish I could work up a hand like that," Teddy says, spreading his fingers out in a full octave chord on the table to illustrate reach and power, nodding in Jess's rhythm with a sort of admiring regret. It is funny to see them, but there is also something restful, unique and sweet about this open honor for another man's worth. It is common only to the best artists and even among these (take a look around, just take a look around you), it seems to open out most easily in those arts, no matter how ragamuffin on the surface, that are nearest to the best in life, living their work without any fuss.

From the deep background of the blues and from his own feeling, mind and hand, Jess made twelve bars of piano on a record that John Hammond supervised for English Parlophone, "The Blues of Israel." That one is a sport all through, but after a few playings the piano stands out as much as anything. It has so completely that old-time pensive mood in the treble, the slurred second and the close three-finger chord hanging a mood of nostalgia around such a simple progression as sol, fa, mi, re; it is given so thorough a support in the constant working bass, whose left hand mingles intimately with what the right is doing. The song hangs on a trill, doubles the time for a swinging phrase, and slows to an ending of sustained chords, beautifully voiced. The analysis is simple, but the effect runs over into those complexities of the musical spirit that cannot be rightly described—and so it may be wiser just to say what the boys would say, speaking out like an infield: "*Play* that piano there, you Jess. It sure is pretty."

He is a great fellow for the blues, but in his fourteen working years, up and down the country, in and out of pavilions and barrel houses, he has taken all the styles discovered into his own style: the complex running bass of Pine Top Smith's boogie-woogie, a sort of reverse boogie-woogie he remembers from Lucky Roberts, way back; the Earl Hines and James P. Johnson of the old days; some single-note trumpet phrases from Bix and Louis; forgotten derivations from some chance genius of the honkey-tonks—above all the free, steady drive of the drums-guitar-bass part of a band (no good rhythm man may follow the beat, but must lead it, have the swing in him to carry it and the iron to hold it against gathering tension and fatigue).

So he runs from "The Blues of Israel" to the terrific and back-breaking tempo that Gene Krupa and a bunch of madmen held on the Victor recording of "Swing Is Here." He runs from the sophistication of a solo on Benny Goodman's "Madhouse" to the jazzy Dixieland blare of the "Maple Leaf Rag" (Paul Mares and his Friars' Society Orchestra). About the best of all is the way he used to eat up the choruses on "Sing, Sing, Sing," getting higher with each one and beyond himself, truly wonderful piano. (Benny, like the swell musician he is, would stand beaming and silent through all of them, but when they recorded it somebody was wrong, because there is everything on the double-side twelve-inch release except that perishable triumph.) The first time I heard it was at the New York Paramount, and when I began cheering afterwards backstage, all Jess would say was "Oh, you mean that old A-minor-chord thing; it's all right, that chord." And much later they were playing some sad backwater where the bloods were yelling for "Casa Loma Stomp" and failed to get the idea of a solo and bawled for brass. And Jess dug in and took about five in a row, so mad they couldn't get him out of it, and it was beautiful—they didn't want to take him out. All he said after that was, "I'll teach them what to holler for, the icky bastards." (*You know a thing about Bix? He didn't give a damn.*)

But those are the recordings, the outstanding flash parts; and Jess Stacy more than almost any musician of his rank has little to show there. The deep consistent music of his piano still comes out best only to those who play over it or sit there under its sounding board. About which words lead only to more words—so go to hear him in town, or when the band plays a one-night stand in some town near. And when he plays, you listen; and when he possibly comes over to your table afterwards and talks, you listen; and when he says, Let's sneak out and get a blast out of that jug the man has over at the bar, you go along. You will for once be near the singing tradition of this country and its people, nearer than you know. OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bedaux System

BY COMING within the focus of interest in a famous personality the Bedaux System has been brought suddenly to the attention of the general public. Yet for twenty years this system has been known to factory and union executives as a device for enlarging output and reducing labor costs which has swept American and European industry and built a fortune for its promoter. No other management service has had a comparable commercial success.

Notwithstanding its numerous applications, even those who have known of it have not been well informed concerning its technical characteristics. This is undoubtedly because those engaged in its promotion have been extremely reserved in their exposition of its nature through papers and discussions at professional meetings and in professional journals.

The Bedaux System is not a system of management; it is a specific mechanism applicable to any system of management. This feature has been its strongest selling point, for industrial executives generally do not like to have their methods of management interfered with but will gamble on mechanisms promising reduced unit costs if they can be applied on their existing management systems.

In this fundamental respect it is different from the Taylor System, or scientific management, with which it is sometimes erroneously bracketed. They are poles apart. The Taylor System involves revision of the entire system of management. Its engineers, before establishing standards of performance and reward, spend many months revising and improving conditions of performance, including human as well as physical factors, and employ to that end every pertinent mode of scientific inquiry.

The product itself, the materials of which it is made, every machine, every tool, the ways of using them, the flow of work, the instruction of workers—every factor influencing quality and output is brought into as perfect condition, by itself and in its relationships, as is permitted by the existing state of the arts; and an integrated system of mechanisms is developed to establish and maintain these conditions. Then, but not until then, are standards of performance and reward established, and these are established in terms of the improved facilities and methods of operation. Scientific management achieves the objective of lower unit costs by improvement of facilities and methods, not by stimulating the worker to greater exertion with inferior facilities and methods. Scientific management reduces effort, strain and fatigue because of better tools and better methods of their use.

The Bedaux System belongs to that group of devices which accepts a system of management essentially as it is, and proceeds directly to the establishment of new standards of performance and reward. Lower unit costs, which constitute the objective, must be achieved in the only manner possible under these conditions—by offering a greater incentive for increased exertion and output with existing facilities and methods.

The basic features of the Bedaux mechanism are simple, although obscured by an unusual terminology—the Bedaux B, 60B's, 80B's. The installer enters a plant and proceeds to make time studies of operations. Incidentally, he of course suggests such improvements as are obviously desirable. Eventually there is developed a B for each operation—the standard output for one minute of time, including an allowance for fatigue and unavoidable delays. Sixty B's per hour constitute a 60B hour, a more convenient unit of measurement. This is the *standard* or required production, for which a guaranteed basic rate is paid. This, however, is not the *normal* or expected performance, which is generally an 80B hour. If a worker makes an 80B hour he receives a bonus in the nature of a credit for three-fourths of the extra 20B's, his foreman receiving a bonus equivalent to the value of one-quarter of all the extra B's earned by the workers under his supervision. The reward to management is more favorable conditions of planning and control, and greater output per unit of capital investment.

There are dangers in a mechanism of this kind applied to a system of management "as is," particularly in view of the customary motivation and average quality of management in American industry. If applied to an excellent system of management with facilities and methods already improved and standardized, it is not likely to do harm. If applied to poor management, without standards previously established through effective research and experiment, it is likely to intensify the weak characteristics of the management and throw the burden of achieving greater output at reduced unit costs on the workers, whose only resource under the circumstances of inferior management is greater exertion.

This appears to have been the experience with such mechanisms. There are plants where wage-incentive systems have been applied from which there has not come evidence of irritation among the workers. But from such industries as the textile industry—notorious for inferior management—have come reports of serious reactions. "Stretch-out" is a term of textile origin. In that industry the establishment of arbitrary standards—stretching a worker and his dollar of wage over more machines and more output—was perhaps the principal immediate cause of the serious strikes, accompanied by violence, during the late twenties.

HARLOW S. PERSON.

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Shoot the Works

Charlie the Joiner—No Fellowship Without Syndication—But He Can Go to Fires—Hugo Black Has Provided an Out

YOU MAY ask "What is the American Press Society?" and Mr. Chief Justice Hughes might well have asked before he consented to put his name on the rolls. The APS is a small organization of editorial workers built pretty much along the lines of the late Actors' Fidelity League, which functioned in the early days as an opponent of Equity's effort to unionize the theatrical profession.

The Press Society, according to its prospectus, found its inspiration in "this era of turmoil, in which collective action is being made compulsory by law." The Society also feels that collective action necessitates "an effective organization to protect the independence of the conscientious journalist." It is against minimum wages because they "inevitably become standard wages." It holds that strikes "impair the reputation and dignity of journalism as a profession." And in "recalling the evolution of the barber-surgeon," the prospectus of the American Press Society observes: "The craft split, the barbers eventually becoming trades-unionists and the surgeons organizing on a professional basis placing ethics, prestige, accomplishment and dignity above other considerations."

Although professing a neutral attitude toward the Guild, the APS has bitterly attacked that union on several occasions and I hardly see how there can be any denial of the assertion that both in letter and spirit the Society is against all trade-union tactics and organization among editorial workers and wholly in favor of the modes and manners of the Bar Association and the Academy of Medicine.

Some may say that these two conflicting theories are worthy of debate. But even if that is granted, in order to speed things up, I will still maintain that it is hardly an argument into which the Chief Justice should enter save when the issue comes up before his Bench. Two ramifications of the argument concerning trade unionism and collective bargaining have already been before the Court—in the Watson case, which concerned the Guild and the Associated Press. Other Guild cases are in litigation, and in the broad field of labor in general it seems to me highly improper that Charles Evans Hughes should have allied himself with an organization which is distinctly anti-union in its own craft.

Moreover, the honor conferred upon the Chief Justice by the American Press Society is considerably less than he may have imagined. When Mr. Hughes gets around to reading and construing the constitution of his new commitment he will find that he does not belong to the most distinguished branch of the order. There are many mansions in the American Press Society and they contain five estates: "Members," "Associate Members," "Cubs," "Fellows" and "Honorary Members."

Of these the Fellows lead all the rest. Let me quote from the constitution the privileges of the Fellows: "They may call themselves 'Fellows of the American Press Society' which shall be abbreviated F.P.S., but any Fellow who uses this title for commercial purposes shall forfeit his classification. Any member who untruthfully represents himself to be a Fellow of this Society shall be expelled."

Fellowships are restricted to men who have done "distinguished journalistic service," and so Charles Evans Hughes will not be eligible for this honor until he begins to syndicate his opinions. The only abbreviation permitted to him at the moment is H.P.S., and if he claims any gaudier title he is liable to lose both his classification and his membership.

But he will not lose much else. According to the constitution: "Honorary Members may participate in social affairs of the Society or its local sections, but they may not vote, hold office, participate in its business affairs or pay dues." If Mr. Hughes were a loose constructionist, he might assume one more privilege, or possibly two. The American Press Society is going to try and get discounts at hotels for its members, but whether that would include Mr. Chief Justice Hughes may be one of those five-to-four decisions.

Indeed the APS is a militantly crusading organization throughout and point five in "The Society's Program" reads: "Courtesies of the Press—Arrangements with fire, police and other public officials throughout the country to extend to our members from other localities the same courtesies which they extend to members of local newspaper staffs." If the arrangements go through and the Board of Governors is not made up wholly of Sutherlands, Butlers and McReynoldses, it may be that Charles Evans Hughes will be permitted not only to attend parties but also to go to fires. But he better not get too close to the blaze.

In some respects the Chief Justice will feel at home in his new surroundings, for, as in the Supreme Court, one need only behave himself to retain membership. If he can resist the temptation of going around calling himself a Fellow there is no reason why Mr. Hughes should not serve the APS for life. Indeed in a section on ethics the Society is extremely explicit as to what constitutes bad behavior. According to the constitution: "Dishonorable conduct shall be defined as acceptance of a bribe, swindling, forgery, theft, uttering bad checks and other such actions acknowledged by all men to be dishonorable, but shall not, so far as this Society is concerned, be linked with ordinary personal habits or opinions."

I don't know about the Honorary Members and the uttering of doubtful opinions but I'll bet that even some who are entitled to write F.P.S. after their names sighed with relief when they came to that last indulgence. Still it could do with a bit of construing. It isn't quite clear. Does an ordinary personal habit include the pipe which cheers and also that which steals away the brain? Would Christopher Morley and De Quincey come in on an equal basis? I think the Press Society could stand a few writers. The authorship of the constitution has not been made public but I suspect Tom Sawyer or Penrod Schofield.

But if Mr. Chief Justice Hughes feels that he has made a mistake in undertaking to play around with the Fellows, his remedy is easy. Fortunately the Supreme Court has established a precedent. All he need do is to say, "Hugo, the last laugh is yours," and then get himself on a national hookup to explain why he joined in the first place and what he has done with the gold-plated badge.

HEYWOOD BROUN.

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Washington Notes

The Struggle over the Farm Bill—The Suitcase Farmers Don't Like it—Nor the Cotton Brokers—And the Politicians Are Doubtful

ONE OF the two major bills for which the present session has been summoned is Mr. Wallace's farm measure. It—or at least a bill substantially like it—was drafted as far back as last February and had the explicit approval of every important farm leader in America when it was introduced in Congress at the last session. Recently two subcommittees of the Senate Committee on Agriculture have been visiting farm centers, sounding out the opinion of the "one-gallus" farmer. According to report, 85 percent of the witnesses favored the Wallace bill. From all this, it might be expected that the bill would go through Congress like a hog through a cornfield fence. But pessimists say that it cannot be enacted in the present session, and that it will be a long, dreary fight before it is passed in the regular session opening in January.

The two controversial provisions of Mr. Wallace's measure are the ever-normal granary, or "Joseph plan," and compulsory production control, after the manner of the old Triple A. One of the odd aspects of the situation is that the ever-normal granary, for all practical purposes, is already in effect. Essentially, the ever-normal granary is an arrangement for crop loans precisely like those recently granted for cotton and corn. Crop loans were previously made in 1933 and 1935; the chief thing the new farm measure does is to give them a more pretentious name. Opposition to compulsory control has slightly more substance. But under the proposed bill, compulsory control will not be used until the ever-normal granary is filled and running over at all four corners—in other words, until the farmer is facing the virtual certainty of ruinous loss.

There is a certain amount of definite, bitter-end opposition to the farm bill, although as yet it does not seem particularly serious. A great many wheat farmers in the low-rainfall areas of the West do not want production control. In these areas, farmers can make a crop only once in two or three years, and when they do, they want to be able to market every bushel possible. This is especially true among the "suitcase" farmers, men who rent great tracts of farm land whenever elaborate statistical computation tells them that a good growing year and high prices are in prospect. These farmers, together with their allies among country bankers and grain-carrying railroad officials, control a few congressional votes.

Opposition to both ever-normal granary and compulsory control also comes from brokers of the Chicago Board of Trade, and of the New York, New Orleans and Houston Cotton Exchanges. There are a number of influential figures—like the redoubtable Mr. Will Clayton of Anderson and Clayton—who support Mr. Wallace, but a majority of brokers resent any sort of governmental interference with their jiggling of farm prices. An authoritative trade journal, a few days ago, told of the formation of a business group to fight the farm bill through propaganda in the country areas. However, although this business opposition may be formidable later on, it is as yet insignificant.

Extraordinarily enough, the most dangerous obstacles to the farm bill seem to have nothing to do with its merits or demerits. Congressmen complain about the political ineffectiveness of the Farm Bureau Federation, largest of the farm organizations and the one that is most actively sponsoring the bill. Despite its advertised power, the Farm Bureau Federation can in fact bring out the vote in very few congressional districts. This is particularly worrisome to Congressmen as they contemplate compulsory control. They can hear their opponents in next year's primaries saying: "Do you know what it was that Joe Spinks voted for. It says here in the bill if you raise a bushel of wheat or corn more than Mr. Wallace tells you to, the government can have the law on you." Congressman Spinks does not feel he can reply that he stood by the Farm Bureau Federation, and thereby be sure of winning. And while he believes that a majority of farmers are ready to accept compulsory control, the minority who aren't might be just enough to beat him.

A second obstacle arises from the debts of the propertied farmer, the man with land worth perhaps from $10,000 to $20,000 and with machinery and equipment worth another $5,000. Except in the case of the Farmer-Laborites of Minnesota and the Progressives of Wisconsin, rural Congressmen give these propertied farmers doglike attention. They are the farmers who have political weight. Congressmen report that they take only a moderate interest in the administration's general farm program, but that they still have the greatest preoccupation with gold, currency and inflation. A great many of them were caught in the land speculation of the twenties, and by 1933 had not only lost everything they possessed, but had acquired fantastic debts. They feel that the administration has been overkind to their creditors, but has done very little to help them. The administration's farm-mortgage-refinancing program of 1933-34 was admittedly undertaken to bail out the life-insurance companies and country banks, and the farmers feel that the various cash handouts since then—seed loans, crop loans, soil-conservation payments—have been just enough for their new interest charges. It is true that in many cases farmers have quit trying, and let their land go. But Congressmen say that others are still grimly hanging on, very nearly as deeply in debt as they were five years ago, and oftentimes these are politically the most important men in their districts.

Back in 1933, the administration promised the farmers "parity" with 1914. Since then, it has permitted industrial prices, notably in farm machinery, to be run up by big business and "Wall Street," and only a few weeks ago Mr. Wallace confessed that "parity prices" were an ideal that could not be achieved. In its place, Mr. Wallace promised "parity income," or a total income for all farmers equal to 1914. But, by the farmers' calculation, their estimated income of $8,000,000,000 for 1937 will be only a little more than two-thirds of their 1914 income. They are willing to have the ever-normal granary and compulsory control, but they want first to be sure that something will be done about their debts—either inflation or else far greater subsidies than the Treasury now approves of. Thus, the outlook for the farm bill is cloudy with high winds, and a possible killing frost.

Washington. T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

Washington Jitters—Has the Administration Scrambled the Golden Eggs?—A Hard Winter Along the Potomac

THE RETREAT begins. No one who moves about Washington can doubt it. The armies of the Great Chieftain, agitated by swift-spreading murmurs about impending shifts in strategy, quick movements of troops backward, suggestions of coming abandonments of positions here and there, parleys with the enemy, concessions, tactical surrenders, doubts, confusion, vague fears, less vague rumors, the Bold Chieftain himself no longer bold, sudden in action but puzzled, surprised—this disturbed and nervous army exhibits all the evidences of a host about to fall back.

Apparently the extent of the decline has not yet become generally understood. A year ago at this time the country—or at least certain important parts of it—was aflame with energy which was accepted as a rekindling of the vital fires in the economic system. Everywhere I heard men talking about the coming American boom. In Pittsburgh the steel mills were running on three shifts and in all the towns of Big Steel the CIO pressed forward its drive to unionize amid busy mills and the good humor born of returning prosperity. Christmas was just ahead and everywhere in Pittsburgh I heard hotel and restaurant orchestras playing with gusto "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town."

Only a few weeks before the nation had spoken and the President, invincible, was sitting on top of all this prosperity and apparently on top of the world as well. The stock market was reaching for its peak and even the sit-downers in the motor plants could not check the rise of General Motors and Chrysler stocks in Wall Street.

And now in a little year—nay not so much—the funeral baked meats do coldly furnish forth the marriage tables (to reverse the mourning Dane), the sedge hath withered by the brake and no birds sing. For in ten weeks the business curve has plunged down farther than it did in almost as many months following the great break in 1929. The stock market has wiped out all the gains of 1937, 1936 and the latter part of 1935. It is not far from its 1934 levels.

Suddenly the administration finds itself on the defensive and the whole pack in Wall Street and Big Business is in full career at its heels. Roosevelt has murdered investment. The capital-gains tax strangles new enterprise. It must be repealed. The undistributed-profits tax must be wiped out so that the utilities may spend a couple of billion for expansion. Call off the SEC. Reduce taxes. Balance the budget. Encourage business; stop persecuting it. And while this chorus swells outside the White House, inside the President's advisers paint for him dark pictures of what lies ahead. In 1929 when business crashed it was Big Business and the bankers who were hustled into the dock. Now it is the administration which stands accused of at least wounding the goose that lays the golden eggs in the very act of parturition.

And in the midst of this the retreat begins. First the Federal Reserve Board reduced margins. The stock market went down from crazy, unjustifiable heights and the administration, like Coolidge's administration, promptly went into action to whip prices up again. That was a sad surrender.

Next comes a headline which reminds me of those flaming red pronouncements of 1933 and 1934 which always obscured some Rooseveltian move to the right. The papers announced that the President stood firm on his policies; that he would not yield any ground—none save on the capital-gains tax and the undistributed-profits tax. It was like a bold proclamation from Spain that the Loyalist army would yield nothing—nothing save Madrid and Valencia. It perhaps sets the fashion for the retreat. It is to be conducted with all the trumpets braying the charge and the cavalry galloping backwards with uplifted swords and all the bravura of an advance.

Next comes the announcement that the utilities must give in—that is, they must show a disposition to reduce rates, after which they will have nothing to fear. There was a kind of cooing, coaxing note in this statement. The best minds among the great business earls of the Democratic faith have been on the scene with their counsel. But one terror remains: it is the budget and the deficit. It becomes increasingly clear that if the budget is balanced the collapse will be complete. There has never been but one rabbit in the President's box of tricks—that was the deficit. And now calling for balancing the budget is like asking the magician to slaughter his only rabbit.

Meanwhile many former officers of the New Deal in its days of glory are coming back to Washington—but not as officers of the government. Great numbers of them have drifted away into the service of large Wall Street law firms, banking houses, brokers' offices, railroads and other haunts of the economic royalists. Of course they still have their old New Deal contacts, which certainly doesn't diminish their value to the new employers. And they are arriving in town with advice.

Thus, for instance, young Mr. Blackwell Smith has been in Washington. He was chief general counsel of the NIRA. Now he is with the Wall Street law firm of Cotton and Franklin. Mr. Smith is trying to steer the retreat along the proper roads on the question of the anti-trust laws. He wants the Federal Trade Commission made into a testing laboratory to determine good trusts from bad ones. Doubtless his law firm represents only good ones. If an industry is restraining trade in the interest of the public, if it is creating a monopoly in the interest of the public, if it is violating the anti-trust laws for the love of the dear old public, then the Federal Trade Commission must find that to be so, and thereafter the pious and patriotic violator must be left alone. There is a tremendous drive on to continue the anti-trust laws in their present state of suspended animation and it has its votaries in strange places, to put it mildly.

And while all this is in progress, the business cycle which resigned from the Republican Party in 1929 now seems to have thrown away its membership in the Democratic Party. Congress will be back by the time this appears in print. All its religion has about petered out. It remains constant to but one of its vows—its willingness to vote a little money to the farmers. It looks like a bad winter for Washington.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Egypt and Arden

Antony and Cleopatra. Mansfield Theatre, November 10, 1937.

As You Like It. Ritz Theatre, October 30, 1937.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" is easily the greatest of Shakespeare's historical dramas. It belongs to his full maturity, and it has a complexity, boldness and freedom, a richness of texture and an energy beyond description. I sometimes think the passage composed of the death scenes of Antony and Cleopatra is, with respect to his special powers, the most astounding in Shakespeare, that it exceeds all in its combination of exact realistic detail, poetic imagery, romantic theatre, elevation in tone and glamor, and force of passion.

When it comes to the production of this play, there are, of course, the usual Elizabethan difficulties to cope with. There is the elaboration, the mingling of countless elements and qualities, violent transmutations into creation, conceit and ornament. There is the dramatic form written for the stage of the period; and none of the Shakespeare plays depends more on that stage than does "Antony and Cleopatra," the latter half especially. All adaptations, however, if you like, brilliant for any other sort of stage, must be at the play's cost, and at much expense to its flowing forms, variety and emphases. The Elizabethans doubtless took it all in their stride. They saw eye to eye with its mind, method and intricate, glowing excitement. They were at ease in the declamation it took for granted.

To such epochal problems we must add another: more or less acquaintance with history, in events, characters, architecture and costumes. It is only by some stretch of the imagination, or distinguished creative décor, or, on a lower plane of art, *tour de force,* that we can envisage this Egypt and these famous personages in Elizabethan frame and fashions. For such an embodiment the play was of course written. It might more worthily be mounted as out and out Veronese, or carried forward to the baroque Tiepolo and his Cleopatra series in the Palazza Labbia, beautiful, elegant, involved in design, but thinner and less significant in every sense than Shakespeare. But the fact remains that the Egyptian forms meanwhile intrude themselves upon any audience's mind. The true Egyptian forms require of the stage designer such surpassing gifts as are scarcely to be hoped for; and that if they were mastered —which I have never seen happen here or abroad—the relating of them to the play's style is another problem still. So far as I could see but few of these and many like problems had penetrated to the Cimmerian planes of this production in which Laurence Rivers presents Miss Tallulah Bankhead in "Antony and Cleopatra" with Mr. Conway Tearle, adapted by William Strunk Jr., staged by Reginald Bach, décor by Jo Mielziner, music by Virgil Thomson. Once the red curtains—a good motif—separating the scenes were drawn, you got very little beyond them, the light gleaming on gold now and then, perhaps, and some beautiful insinuating sound from Mr. Thomson's music, largely in the earlier part of the play. Money, ambition and fatuity had been lavished on this event; about which we might, if we chose, remember Mrs. Malaprop's So, here's fine work, here's fine suicide, parricide and simulation going on in the fields. To go at such an occasion in critical detail is too easy a romp.

It is worth noting some of that about the "Antony and Cleopatra," if for nothing else for the sake of the light refracted to another Shakespeare production that is lately offered in our theatre: the Surry Players' "As You Like It." Here a great many of the qualities missed in the other have been achieved, and most of those sought for have not been desired. Nothing is more obvious than that these players and their offering supply one more fresh access of encouragement to our theatre. The present company, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Rosen, had its nucleus in a group that began rehearsals three years ago during hours they had left over from their playing on Broadway. Their aim was some form of permanent association. The theatre at Surry, Maine, fell to them and finally, this past August, they offered there four plays. Mr. Dwight Deere Wiman sponsors their present venture.

These players were right to bring their production of "As You Like It" to New York just now; the time comes when a piece of work must be tried out, its enterprises risked, its creations aired, its patterns either discarded or else set. At the same time they must have known that in divers quarters their production would be mentioned as non-professional, amateur or adolescent. "Professional" has various meanings. There is the professional production that is significant and that throughout is wholly competent. Or the professional of something empty and worthless but done in theatre terms. Or the production that runs as smooth as cream partly because it is expert and partly because it has no hint of what it has missed and left out by way of meanings and content. The Surry Players' "As You Like It" leaves something of an amateur impression through the fact that several of the minor roles are played by beginners in the company, to all purposes amateurs, who are thus, at the cost of the total effect, given their chance to grow—this problem of theirs faces every theatre group. Otherwise these workers are not so much adolescent as they are far-sighted and creative. They could have played safe, obviously; but they have chosen the way of renewed theatre forms, in moving, readings, sifting of the verse, character outlines. I have seen, off and on, man and boy, six or seven productions of this play, and have never seen the roles of Orlando and Celia shaped out into anything so interesting and intelligent, either in themselves or in relation to the play—usually in great and melancholy need of just such substance as Mr. Rosen and his players have now devised for them. Jacques and Touchstone also are lightened to better values within the piece as a whole and are eased of some of the tedious farrago that has worn down many a would-be enthusiast for the bard.

Mr. Shepperd Strudwick, whom I last saw in the Theatre Guild's "End of Summer," has made a remarkable advance in many directions, all basic with respect to the art of acting. And his Orlando, without in the least distorting the artifice implicit in the story, or violating Shakespeare's intention, profoundly and expertly revives the role, which becomes more credible, entertaining, romantic and intelligent than anybody hitherto has seemed to think possible. In one particular respect most of all Mr. Strudwick accomplished this: for the scenes where Rosalind masquerades as a boy who in turn takes on the part

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of Rosalind for his sake, Orlando—he does not of course see that it is really Rosalind, which would indeed be a stupid innovation—appears more and more to look beyond this masquerading figure at the very Rosalind, at her essence, as it were, present there, not an illusion but an absorption and elusive reality. The conception, applied to these scenes that have been presented hitherto as a sort of stage game, is a revelation.

Miss Ann Revere, externally miscast if you like, as Celia, turns the part into wonders of sense and point, to the play's great gain and never against the lines provided her and hitherto neglected. The competition in the Rosalind field is immense, but Miss Katherine Emery has many admirable qualities in her performance, genuine freshness, good sense, often charm, and best of all the sense of continued growth promised. That contrivance of fluttering movement for the first scene of Rosalind and Celia is an inspiration on the director's part. The scene gains also in loveliness and point by the costumes that Miss Lucinda Ballard has designed. Many of her costumes, all done on two cents, are full of taste and style.

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

Today's chief development in the Nine-Power Conference, however, was the delegates' discovery that not a single group trusts any other group. This made progress difficult.—*Brussels dispatch to The New York Times, written by Frederick T. Birchall.*

Business men here who have been complaining that the improved moral tone of the city was bad for business, have been assured by Albert H. Skean, director of the Atlantic City Convention Bureau, that not one convention has been lost as a result of the closing of the vice and gambling resorts.—*Dispatch from Atlantic City, N. J., to The New York World-Telegram.*

Yet, it [the passing of the chain gang] is hard on the convict. A chance to get out in the country, to camp in a pleasant spot, and to put in one's days doing a not too hard job on the roads doesn't look a whole lot like punishment. There are thousands in our cities who are asking for such an opportunity.—*From "The Chain Gang," by Floyd Keeler in The Commonweal.*

Inasmuch as you are a world figure and certain to influence the hairdressing styles of this country when you come here, it occurs to those earning their livelihood in the hairdressing profession in the United States that you would confer a service of great value to these 400,000 people if you would adopt a style of hairdressing which requires permanently waved hair.—*From an open letter sent by the beauty shops of the United States to the Duchess of Windsor, printed in The New York Times.*

Stripped of its essentials, the Bible is a love letter from God to each individual man, Rev. Carlos G. Fuller declared yesterday in his sermon at the Featherbed Lane Presbyterian Church, University Avenue and 174th Street.—*News item in The Bronx Home News, New York City.*

BLUELA, BLUELA

A poised and polished man of the world is Dr. Seymour; tall and slim, and so good-looking that you fancy he would do well on the stage in society parts. He is blue-eyed, as a Yale president should be.—*From an article by L. H. Robbins in The New York Times Sunday Magazine.*

COME BACK TO HAUNT US?

If we could have twenty or thirty good and select funerals, we would come back over night.—*Hamilton Fish, Republican member of Congress, quoted in The Salt Lake City Tribune.*

THE SEVENTEEN MILLION

It was difficult to obtain sufficient canvassers. The Municipal Civil Service Commission held an examination for the temporary posts. Only high-school graduates were eligible. Enough Democrats were found, but there was a shortage of sufficiently literate Republicans, which a second examination did not fill. As a result it was necessary to fill the gaps with Republicans of doubtful qualifications.—*News item in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

More Thanks to Hitler

SIR: I read with great interest in the November 10 issue of The New Republic the article written by Mr. Bruce Bliven thanking Adolf Hitler for the many German immigrants now living and working in this country. I would like to thank Mr. Bliven herewith, speaking, I am sure, in the name of all immigrants, for his expression of appreciation, which, in our days, cannot be found in many European countries.

Furthermore, because Mr. Bliven was kind enough to add my name, even without sufficient justification, to the number of German immigrants he remembers, I feel the duty to add to the names published the very important group which under the leadership of such well known scientists as Professor Max Horkheimer and Dr. Friedrich Pollok conduct the International Institute of Social Research with a staff of capable young economists, sociologists and psychologists, of whom I will name only Dr. Karl August Wittfogel. The publications of this Institute tell their own story. May I also mention Professor Alphons Goldschmidt, former university professor in Germany, Professor Eduard Heimann and Dr. Hans Simons?

Finally, I want to speak of two other former members of the German Reichstag—Tony Sender, who played an important role in the German Parliament, and Gerhard Seeger, now editor of the Neue Volkszeitung in New York City.

DR. KURT ROSENFELD,
New York City. Former Member of the German Reichstag.

The Younger Poets—Still in the Waste Land?

SIR: Your reviewer T. K. Whipple says he "doubts" whether "the younger writers of the English-speaking world . . . are truly represented" by "New Writing" and "New Letters in America" [The New Republic, October 20]. Will he then please tell us what younger writers in America or England are more representative in style and ideology than the following, all of whom are included in Mr. Lehmann's and Mr. Gregory's collections: W. H. Auden, Muriel Rukeyser, John Hampson, James Agee,

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H. T. Hopkinson, Edward Upward, Elizabeth Bishop, Marya Zaturenska, John Cheever, C. Day Lewis, Christopher Isherwood, Robert Fitzgerald and Stephen Spender. Since Mr. Whipple knows of better, more representative younger writers than these, let him name them. Apparently they have not yet cared to publish their efforts, but in the face of his review Mr. Whipple should be required to let us in on his and their secret. They must be pretty hot stuff and I, for one, should like to read their work. I do not want explanations or excuses, I want names.

One other point. Mr. Whipple says that the poets included are "still in the waste land," and as proof he cites lines from four out of twenty-seven (translations excluded). But the poem which begins with the lines (quoted by Mr. Whipple) "To take a cold and skeletal route/To wisdom's grim seaside" goes on to say "We have been wrong for centuries" and ends by declaring that "With other visions can we breast/New seascapes with new hopes." Similarly, the poem containing the line "the world bleached in the gape of space" (which line, also quoted by Whipple, has a question mark at the end) concludes by exhorting us to "turn, begin speech . . . with strikers especially; and with the tall plowmen of pioneer hills." Now, either Mr. Whipple has no understanding of poetry or he has deliberately distorted these poems to prove a thesis that they do *not* exemplify—it is as categorical as that. Why did he select these particular lines for quotation? Why did he say nothing about such lines as: "Fall marble, fall decay; but rise/Will of life in brothers"; or, "Find the mortal world enough"; or, "Know/A giant love, manned by and massive with men"; or, "Now union/Grows; the adverse concert/Fails"; or, "And the golden pheasants are no help/And action must be learned from love of man." Each of these quotations is taken from a different poet, and each represents the essential tone and "message" of the poem as a whole. Other examples could easily be mentioned. Are poets who express these sentiments "still in the waste land"? Mr. Whipple owes the poets and editors of "New Writing" and "New Letters in America," as well as the readers of The New Republic, an explanation.

Columbus, O. T. C. WILSON.

Old Northwest Territory

SIR: We believe the readers of The New Republic will be especially interested in the Northwest Territory Celebration and its unique program. The effort of the federal commission for this celebration is to do all it can to create a consciousness, not only for this generation, but for those yet to come, of some of the finest peacetime accomplishments of our people—in which there is hope and inspiration for democracy.

Publications start with a cartographic map in full color and wonderfully informative—a sort of "ABC book"; then a supplemental textbook—a brief history of this neglected period, for use in schools; then a historical novel, dependable history, but sugar-coated with romance ("Black Forest" by Meade Minnigerode); and then a standard history text competition among all adult scholars in America; and a biography of Rufus Putnam and the Ohio Company.

The most spectacular feature of the program will be the reproduction of the trek of the first Northwest Territory Pioneers—ox team, conestoga wagon, pack horses and men—from Ipswich, Massachusetts, to what is now Marietta, Ohio, and for purposes of the educational program, on through the states of Old Northwest Territory.

At each town where stops are made, an eight-episode pageant, "Freedom on the March," will be given in the evening. This colorful and dramatic presentation of the formative period of the nation will be given in some 300 communities, starting December 3, 1937, to about November 1, 1938.

For permanent purposes the program includes the memorial to the start westward of the nation at Marietta, Ohio. The statuary group of six symbolic figures is being carved by Gutzon Borglum, and will stand nineteen feet high, in the center of a large "commons" dedicated by the pioneers "forever for public use" and on the exact spot where the first American civil government west of the thirteen original states was established.

E. M. HAWES,
Marietta, O. Northwest Territory Celebration Commission.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Liston M. Oak, New York City, sent us a letter of approximately 2,400 words in criticism of Ralph Bates's two recent articles and of the editorial in our issue of November 10, "Spain Is Not Russia." He says it is not true that The New Republic has "gone Stalinist," but that the Stalinists have gone over to the liberal reformism that "now as always characterizes The New Republic." He quotes voluminously from articles we published in 1917-18 to support his view.

J. A. Sturgis of Sarasota, Florida, congratulates The New Republic for its editorial paragraph "Hero Demolished" (November 3) about Governor Fred Cone, and takes a philosophical view of Florida administration: "We have been compelled to blush for our Governors so often that our present affliction is no exception to past experience." . . . Herman Reissig, secretary of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City, describes the Spanish Children's Christmas Campaign to be conducted during the week of December 5 to 12, to help establish and support refugee children's homes and supply food for the civilian population. "There are, under the care of the Loyalist government, almost a million and a half homeless men, women and children . . . the American people have done almost nothing to meet this need." . . . Abner Green of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, New York City, calls the attention of The New Republic's readers to the Second Annual Conference, to be held Sunday, January 9, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.

The staff of The Dove, a "liberal journal of discussion" printed by students of the University of Kansas, send us a copy of their memorial issue dedicated to Don Henry, one of their classmates who has died fighting with the Lincoln Battalion in Spain. . . . Dr. L. A. Eldridge Jr. writes from Great Neck, New York, complimenting our "tactful but courageous handling of the Catholic Church's position" at home and abroad. . . . Mr. C. Miller of the Social Service Employees' Union, New York City, writes describing the difficulty his organization is encountering in obtaining recognition from the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, an agency which exercises a strong degree of control over the activities of ninety-one welfare groups.

The editors of The New Republic ask the man who wrote from Columbia University on November 2 if he will not write again giving his actual name and his address. They will be glad to keep his identity confidential.

Hugh O'Neil of Ogden, Utah, thinks that the recent sex crimes indicate that our laws treating with this branch of crime need study and revision. . . . A new field of consumers' coöperation is being invaded by the Coöperative Book Club, 5 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, which aims to increase ownership of books through large-scale purchasing and consequent lower prices, especially in areas not adequately served by book stores or libraries.

What's on the Air?

C. C. Concannon, chief of the Chemical Division of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, speaks on "Tung Oil" in one of the series of programs given by that department. Thursday, November 18, 3:30 P.M., CBS.

Senator Edward Burke, Stanley Reed and Norman Thomas argue the subject "Whose Constitution—Conservative, Liberal or Radical?" on America's Town Meeting of the Air, Thursday, November 18, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Ian Hay, British novelist and playwright, speaks on an international broadcast from London, Tuesday, November 23, 4:20 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week are numerous. Jane Cowl stars in "Elizabeth, the Queen," Thursday, November 18, 8 P.M., CBS. Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, is the guest soloist with the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, Sunday, November 21, 3 P.M., CBS. "Georgia Transport," a play in verse about aviation by John Williams Andrews, directed by Irving Reis, is presented by the Columbia Workshop, Sunday, November 21, 8 P.M., CBS. The Chicago Civic Opera Company presents "Manon," Monday, November 22, 11 to 12 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Fall Catalogue

FROM THE reader's point of view, this has been a dispiriting autumn, even though the books published have been good enough, when judged in bulk. There has been the usual number of sound scholarly studies, of entertaining travelogues, of workmanlike novels that prove a mild thesis; there has been more than the usual quantity of fairly distinguished verse. But there has been an almost total absence of memorable books, of books that open or close horizons, of books, in short, that have in them enough fire and excitement to cast a glow on their more ordinary companions, and thereby make the whole process of writing and publishing and reviewing seem richer in rewards.

It is always dangerous to draw close parallels between the books published in a given season and the mood prevailing in the intellectual public—dangerous, that is, unless you are eager to endow all writers with the gift of prophecy. Political critics often forget that books take a long time merely to be published, and a much longer time in the writing, so that a novel like "To Have and Have Not"—to give one example—might represent the author's state of mind in 1934 or 1935, with some last-minute revisions. Yet after these concessions it remains true that there is, this year, a curious analogy between the dullness of the new books and the dull mood that afflicts the literary world. Writers, like everybody else, are carrying on mechanically while waiting for something to turn up, some new hope to avert catastrophe.

At the National Book Fair in Rockefeller City, all the newest books of 110 publishers are displayed side by side. The jackets make a brave show, but having sampled the text they advertise, I feel more dubious about it. Still, I did see one book that impressed me to the point of breaking all the rules of the exposition and reading it on the spot. It was the volume of photographs by Margaret Bourke-White with text by Erskine Caldwell: "You Have Seen Their Faces."[1]

The two authors made a trip through the cotton states from South Carolina west to Arkansas and Louisiana. They kept away from the cities, the textile mills and the big plantation houses; their sole interest was in the ten million sharecroppers, white and black, who form the most depressed and hopeless class in American society. Writer and photographer worked in close collaboration, Mr. Caldwell contributing his knowledge of the people and his ability to talk to them in their own language; Miss Bourke-White waiting until they had forgotten to be suspicious of strangers, then snapping them in their characteristic attitudes—plowing, chopping cotton, kneeling by the fireplace to mix corn-cakes, shouting and dancing in church, working on the chain gang, and finally sitting in the sun waiting for death—"There comes a time when there's nothing to do except just sit."

In one photograph, a scared little Negro boy, barefooted, in patched overalls with nothing beneath them, stands at the door of his father's cabin beside a long-legged mongrel hound. The board wall is papered with pages torn from Collier's and The Saturday Evening Post—pages that illustrate beauty, romance, affluence, all the good things of civilization. Here one reads the slogans of a hundred corporations: "The most talked of gift on the Christmas horizon!"—"Five kinds of insulation give you a new 'hushed ride.' "—"Out to win—you can't afford to coast!"—"Hey kids, come see my new play rug!"—The cabin, with its floor of cracked boards, has no rug of any sort. The dresser is heaped with dirty clothes. "Blackie ain't good for nothing," the little Negro boy is saying, "he's just an old hound dog."

In another photograph, a Negro woman with big sad eyes is looking through the bars of the St. Tammany Parish jail: "I've only been misbehaving." In still another, a white woman with a child in her lap sits on the top step of a Louisiana mansion, against a background of high stucco pillars with their surfaces pitted as if by smallpox. She says, "I don't know what ever happened to the family that built this house before the War. A lot of families live here now. My husband and me moved in and got two rooms for five dollars a month." These quotations printed beneath the photographs are exactly right; the photographs themselves are almost beyond praise.

They belong to a new art, one that has to be judged by different standards from those applying to painting or sculpture. The composition may be good or bad—usually it is good, but that doesn't really matter. Here the important qualities are those which used to be conveyed in words rather than pictures—drama, for example, and class conflicts, and stories to the extent that they are written in the gullied soil, the sagging rooftree of a house or the wrinkles of a tired face. The roles of text and illustration are completely reversed, as Ralph Thompson said a few days ago in The New York Times. The pictures state the theme of the book, whereas the prose serves as illustrative material.

The only fall book that has excited critics to the point of calling each other names is Hemingway's new novel. It has been praised as the best of his works (by Granville Hicks and Elliot Paul); it has been damned as the worst (by half a dozen critics); it has been offered as proof that Hemingway is (a) growing in stature, (b) standing still and (c) reverting to childhood—if not to the very womb.

A good deal of the criticism has been political. Thus, J. Donald Adams and Herschel Brickell thought that Hemingway was giving a very prejudiced picture of the American upper classes—though he treated them no more harshly than he treated the veterans on relief and the young writers gathering material for proletarian novels in the Key West barrooms. Harry Hansen accused him of doing mere hackwork because he was too busy campaigning for Loyalist Spain. Sinclair Lewis adjured him, "Please quit saving Spain and start saving Ernest Hemingway." Obviously this is nonsense, and malicious nonsense at that. The novel was practically finished before he left for Spain early last spring. Hemingway had been working over it for at least three years; and any good critic ought to see that its faults are those of excessive industry rather than those of idleness or divided attention.

The discussion became even more political when reviewers started reviewing the reviews. Thus, Harry Hansen accused all the left-wing critics of praising Hemingway merely because he was on their side. But in order to make his point, Hansen had to transform Time into a radical

[1] You Have Seen Their Faces, by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. New York: The Viking Press. 190 pages, 75 plates. $5.

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magazine (go whisper that in the Kremlin), and furthermore to assert that "Malcolm Cowley . . . wrote a devastating ironic essay on Hemingway when the author was doing his best work." He must have got me confused with Max Eastman.

But in spite of all this growling and baring of teeth, the truth is that most of the critics, left and center, were fairly well agreed about the novel. They thought that it was by no means so good as "The Sun Also Rises"; they thought that Harry Morgan was pretty unconvincing as a proletarian hero. But they also thought that it contained some extraordinarily fine scenes and showed a broadening of the author's human sympathies. It made you feel—as many of them said—that Hemingway was perhaps beginning a new career.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Trotsky's Defense

The Case of Leon Trotsky, by John Dewey and members of the Preliminary Commission of Inquiry in Mexico City. New York: Harper and Brothers. 639 pages. $3.

IN ALL the annals of political and doctrinal trials there is no stranger, more absorbing, more puzzling one than "The Case of Leon Trotsky." The present contribution to the dossier is a six-hundred-page printed stenogram of the hearings of the "Preliminary Commission of Inquiry," which took this testimony from Leon Trotsky in Mexico.

I approached the bulky report with considerable misgiving. The whole idea of the "Impartial Commission" seemed such a preposterous one. Fathered by Trotsky partisans, it had of necessity to be one-sided and reduce itself to a stage for a single, all-important actor. The Commission was chosen with some ineptness to include a majority (Stolberg, Ruehle, La Follette—three out of five) already publicly on record as convinced of the innocence of the "accused." One of the remaining two, Carleton Beals, resigned before the hearings were at an end. And the undoubted impartiality of the chairman, Professor Dewey, seemed to offer no guarantee that he would be equal to judging the intricacies of Russian factional strife.

The earlier portions of the stenogram tended to deepen the misgiving as to the possibility of any illumination coming from the hearings. Lawyer Goldman proved a not very effective attorney for the "defense." As for Mr. Finerty, who acted as attorney for the investigating commission, his chief qualification seemed to be that he had served as lawyer for Earl Browder in a recent suit against the Electoral Commission of the State of Illinois. Throughout the hearings he showed no awareness of the fact that he might have strengthened the usefulness of the investigation by really trying to break down some of the testimony of Trotsky and his witnesses. He seems rather to have conceived it as his major duty to keep reminding Trotsky during the latter's ironical references to "my sabotage" and "my wrecking" that he should say *"alleged* sabotage" and *"alleged* wrecking." For the rest, he joined Dewey in asking naïve questions designed to convince the "defendant" that a liberal philosophy is superior to the tenets of proletarian dictatorship and social revolution. Stolberg, Ruehle and Suzanne La Follette contributed leading questions aiming to get light on their pet doctrinal puzzles. Finally, through a series of avoidable misunderstandings, the Commission lost Carleton Beals after the tenth of thirteen sessions, though its work would have carried more weight if it had followed out Mr. Beals's line of thinking up searching and embarrassing (if sometimes indelicate, or irrelevant) questions.

Yet, despite the ineptness of the procedure, as the hearings continued the outlines of Trotsky's case became steadily clearer, and all else became dwarfed and unimportant, until audience, attorneys and Commission seemed to disappear and the "investigation" became at last a monologue of the exiled War Commissar expounding his doctrines, fighting for his revolutionary honor and becoming the accuser of those who had accused and convicted him without putting him directly on trial. About four-fifths of these six-hundred-odd pages, while not uninteresting in view of the light they throw on Trotsky's doctrinal views, might well be discarded. But Trotsky's powerful closing speech taking up 115 pages of the book should not be missed by anyone interested in getting at the truth in these perplexing trials: in retrospect the chief function of the Commission turns out to be that it served as occasion and sounding-board for this speech.

Not that the stenograms of the Moscow trials and the present one (they should be read together for a complete picture) resolve all the difficult problems connected with the trials and executions. No matter which "verdict" one pronounces in the end, there are painful and intolerable dilemmas to be faced. If it is hard to believe that Trotsky could conspire with Germany and Japan, desire to hasten war, hope for the defeat of the Soviet Union, work for the restoration of capitalism; it is also hard to believe that the leader of the Communist Party and the Comintern is capable of framing all these accusations and executing innocent men who—like Yagoda, Tukhachevsky and Gamarnik—were but yesterday the chief pillars of his regime. Yet one of these two series of monstrous and discreditable hypotheses must be true. What the study of the trial records and this "counter-trial" helps us to do is to remove from the realm of merely subjective preference the choice between them. The writer owns that his previous position was to give credence rather to Stalin than to Trotsky, but a rereading of the Moscow confessions together with the present work, or rather its closing speech, carried literally overwhelming conviction that Trotsky could not have done the things charged against him in the Zinoviev-Kamenev and Radek-Piatakov trials.

Moreover, the subsequent epidemic of executions of "Trotskyist-Bukharin-Zinoviev-foreign-spy-diversionist-bourgeois-nationalist-scoundrel-wrecker-traitor-Gestapo-agent hyphenates" has been on such a scale as to make the Mexican hearings largely superfluous. In picturing the long exiled Trotsky as in control of virtually all the leading posts in the army, the GPU, the Party, youth, industry, agriculture and the premierships and party secretaryships of over a score of the autonomous republics of the USSR, Stalin has literally proved too much and reduced the original charges to absurdity.

But this confronts Trotsky with a new dilemma. Throughout the hearings he maintains that the others were being tried and executed merely to make a case against *him*. Now it is becoming clear that he has been made into a devil largely to make a case against *others*—leaders of a new opposition which has grown up against Stalin and his methods among his closest supporters. What then happens to Trotsky's central theory that the entire military and police and party and state machinery were so degenerate that no opposition could any more arise within the Party, and that a new revolution was necessary as the only road to renovation? On this question, both in his testimony at the hearings and in his subsequent utterances on the executions, Trotsky is completely silent, for he has no way of squaring his theory with what has long been his central position.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE.

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East and West of Shanghai

Four Hundred Million Customers, by Carl Crow. New York: Harper and Brothers. 317 pages. $3.

SELDOM do I read English books about China, because there isn't any fun in it, and probably also because I don't want to read about what I already know. Evidently, there is only one kind of book about China that would be interesting to a Chinese reader, *i.e.*, the kind that presents an original, penetrating and novel point of view, based on some intimate acquaintance and a broad human outlook. That would be especially interesting and valuable from a writer who couples a keen, observant mind with the lively, humorous imagination that so many writers on China lack. The Chinese are both a humorous and a comical people, and if one doesn't see the fun in them, it is just too bad.

In Carl Crow's book, we have evidences of that keen observant mind coupled with a very lively, humorous imagination. It is a book that carries you along against your determination to sample, dip and skip, which is the tendency of those who review books if they want to make their living out of it. Seldom do I enjoy a book so thoroughly chapter after chapter and page after page. There isn't a dull page in it, and it always reveals or betrays a long intimate acquaintance with the Chinese. Written by a business man, it trips lightly along on the surface of everyday business facts in the tenor of pleasant after-dinner shop talk. One never loses the sense of reality or of the living medium. Profound truths are hinted at, never proved. All statistical figures are happily tucked away in the footnotes. That makes it just right, for a Chinese reader at least.

The book shows a picture of the impact of Western exporters on an old nation, characterized by an old tradition of confidence in (and loyalty to) old brands, and by a thrift to shame the Scotch, by a low standard of living, by overpopulation, and by a family system carried over into business ethics. In the first chapter, "The Very Particular Customer," we are face to face with an old people suspicious of new brands. In the chapter, "Miss China Discovers Her Legs," we are led right into Chinese feminine psychology. (I disagree with the statement that Chinese husbands at heart approve of their wives powdering their noses in public now; they merely admit that they never have any say in the matter.) In "Starvation for the Sea Gulls" (of Shanghai), we see Chinese garbage boats cleaning up the sea surface and squabbling about empty beer bottles and tins dropped from the garbage chutes of incoming ships. In another chapter, we see the human Chinese office clerk somewhat overanxious to make himself indispensable. How some Americans complain that Chinese "boys" insist on advising them what suit to wear for the day! But that is just being Chinese, etc.

Mr. Carl Crow knows, or I suspect he knows, that as an advertising agent, he is carrying on the most contemptible business in China, that of the salesman. He knows well that, from the Chinese point of view, the American who wants to sell you everything—from a cigarette to "an idea" and "religion"—is a highly comical figure. The Chinese don't advertise their goods or make window displays; they hide their quality goods up the back stairs and show them only to very particular customers. And the more smoky and weather-beaten the signboard, the more reputable the firm must be. If you have a really good quality of merchandise, why condescend to talk about it? And about that garrulous, slick-haired salesman, Confucius said, "Fine words and insinuating appearance are seldom associated with true virtue." Lao-tse said, "The greatest eloquence is like stuttering." Send a dumb and shabbily dressed salesman to China, and he can sell anything to a Chinese, provided his father and grandfather used the same article with the same package.

I must not omit to mention the excellent drawings of Chinese figures by the cartoonist Sapojnikov, beloved of Shanghai readers.

LIN YUTANG.

The Far East Comes Nearer, by Hessell Tiltman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 357 pages. $3.

MR. TILTMAN, according to an announcement on the back cover of this book, has written "some twenty-two books, most of them with a political bent to them." The present volume, No. 23, is a striking illustration of the remoteness of the Far East; after so many decades of political, economic and intellectual intercourse with the rest of the world, it is still possible for an author to go out to that area, to live there for a year or two, to skim through a number of yearbooks, to meet a handful of dignitaries (or their secretaries) and to turn out a book "with a political bent to it." What exactly this bent is meant to be it is not altogether easy to find out. There is a chapter, for instance, where Mr. Tiltman talks about the "admirable" skill and discipline of the Japanese worker, and decides that "if the American or British worker is entitled to his meat-dish once a day, the Japanese worker is equally entitled to the bowl of rice which is his preference. It would be unreasonable to expect Japan to introduce a Western wage standard into her factories without regard to national habits and needs." But the introduction of Western *production* standards does not seem to have been "unreasonable." There is a lot to be said for making the living standard of Japan's admirable factory workers a bit more reasonable; but here, I am afraid, the political bent of Mr. Tiltman reveals itself, and there can be no argument.

Notwithstanding its fundamental deficiencies, which are superficiality and misrepresentation with regard to social and economic conditions in Japan, the book is well written and makes stimulating reading matter. Its best part is the chapter on the military revolt of the Tokyo garrison on February 26, 1936. Here Mr. Tiltman has been able to present the inside story, the facts of which are of particular value in the light of current developments. The book went to press before the present hostilities had started, and Mr. Tiltman's remarks about a Far Eastern clash—with particular reference to the United States ("however watertight the plans to enforce neutrality may be")—are a valuable contribution to present political discussions.

ERNEST O. HAUSER.

Forty Years of American-Japanese Relations, by Foster Rhea Dulles. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 300 pages. $3.

MR. DULLES has given a clear and convincing summary of the events and circumstances which led to the disruption of the original friendship between the United States and Japan, and the casting of the latter by American public opinion in the role of our natural enemy. The sub-

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stance of his explanation is that Japan, with an impulse toward the control of the adjacent mainland as urgent as the manifest destiny of the United States to bridge the continent to the Pacific, has suffered repeated checks to her policy toward China at the hands of powers no more disinterested than herself. After the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894 she was compelled to hand over her conquests to Russia, while Germany, Great Britain and France sought compensation elsewhere at China's expense. After the war with Russia her ambitions were modified at Portsmouth.

After the World War her conquest of Shantung, recognized by the Treaty of Versailles, was canceled by the Washington Conference, at which, moreover, she was brought under pressure to accept a humiliating limitation upon her navy. In 1931, with the nationalist movement in China threatening to undermine her position in Manchuria, Japan tested from point to point the opposition of Great Britain, Russia and the League to her complete occupation of that province and found it wanting. Secretary Stimson's reaffirmation of the open-door doctrine of Secretary Hay was "a meaningless and futile gesture." Finally in 1935 Japan denounced the naval treaty which had marked the hopeful beginning of a general disarmament. As Mr. Dulles succinctly puts it: "In 1935 we were reaping the rewards of forcing upon Japan a settlement of Pacific problems which afforded no adequate recognition of what she considered her legitimate rights, and at the same time failing to provide any means to enforce compliance with that settlement."

Mr. Dulles is no prophet, and gives no advice to his countrymen. It is obvious, however, that the beginning of wisdom for the future is the recognition of the errors of a pretentious, unrealistic diplomacy in the past. At least we seem to have outgrown the childish reliance on the sanction of divine providence, so often invoked in former times by President McKinley, Senator Beveridge and Captain Mahan.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Dominus Vobiscum

The Diary of a Country Priest, by Georges Bernanos. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

IT ALL depends on the reader whether M. Bernanos' book is just a novel case history in morbid psychology or a great drama of the human spirit. If it is to be drama, a certain premise is necessary—belief (and if not personal belief, respect for belief) in an actual omnipotent God, in the soul of man as responsible to that God alone, and the immortality of the spirit in an eternal hereafter. The story revealed by the diary, of a boy descended from a miserably poor family who undermined his health searching for the ultimate beauty in a religious vocation, is neither strange nor new. In the same book is another such boy who had sought for ultimate truth in science—and found the same untimely death. The details of life in the village, the entanglements at the castle, are the kind that are grist for every writer's mill. It is through his reaffirmation of the relation between God and man—in a world of hundreds of millions of church members and a mere handful of believers—that M. Bernanos creates his drama. Promiscuous philandering in a bored society is dull business; adultery in defiance of eternal damnation acquires splendor: "We all believe in God," the Count's nephew explains, "I think we must be too proud to sin without taking risks. We have always one witness to face: God."

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of the Catholic Church, but sectarian bias is almost non-existent, and neither the curé nor his author spares the institution, its clergy or its members where they feel that the essence of Christianity has been betrayed. There is no suggestion of dissent as the young priest listens to Treville-Sommerange, on leave from the Foreign Legion: "A poor lad who puts his girl in the family way one spring night is considered by you to be in mortal sin, but the killer of a whole town, whilst the kids he's just poisoned'll be vomiting up their lungs on their mothers' lap, need only go off and change pants to 'distribute holy bread.'" The righteous laity, represented by the Countess, get off no better: "Blessed would be the sins that left any shame in you."

Although listed as fiction, the diary of a provincial curé has to depend for interest on incidents foreign to the usual run of novels. There is that poignant moment when the Curé has his first real sensation of youth and decides that it is worth all the risks and pain that being young involves. There is his "agony in the garden," when he feels that God has forsaken him, and his constant prayer to find again the gift of prayer. To the detached philosophical reader there will be interest in the discussions with the various clergy in the neighborhood (particularly that admirable creation, the Curé de Torcy). M. Bernanos has been commendably skillful in creating a character that combines so much of naïveté, spirituality, independence and the astuteness of the poor. How well the book will be received in conventional religious circles is problematical, for the story of the man who receives the last sacraments from an unfrocked priest, saying "Grace is everywhere," is the story of a saint, and the Church on earth, like the people on earth, can stand a saint only once in every so many generations.

B. E. Bettinger.

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George S. Johns and Son

Time of Our Lives: The Story of My Father and Myself, by Orrick Johns. New York: Stackpole Sons. 353 pages. $3.

TO FEW fathers and sons comes the privilege of a long backward look at their shared lives. For Americans, given to consuming the past with a kind of jealous anger, it is indeed a rare privilege. And yet this is a peculiarly American book. A great deal of the life of the past fifty years flows through the narrative of this father, George Sibley Johns, and his son, Orrick.

It gets in three distinct phases, three generations. There is first a glimpse of Missouri before the Civil War, a generous land peopled by men and women of Scotch-Irish descent. This is seen through the boyhood of George Johns, the son of Virginia slaveholders who had migrated like the patriarchs of old to the new Virginia, the rich land that lay in the delta of the lower Missouri, close to its confluence with the Mississippi.

Then there is the career of George Johns, as the crusading editor of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, under Joseph Pulitzer, together with the boyhood of Orrick in St. Louis when the city was in process of transformation from an overgrown town, with its roots in the South, to a modern industrial center with all the horrors that phrase implies. During the period of transformation St. Louis had a rich, highly colored life of its own. The city had a literary journal of distinction, a school of philosophy, two or three notable cafés and, most important, men like William Marion Reedy and George Johns.

Finally there is the story of Orrick Johns and it, too, is in the American pattern, just as much so as the account of the two preceding generations, even though it takes in Capri, Paris, Carmel—strange places and strange names. It is the history of a whole generation of Americans; the revolt against ugliness, against complacency, against all that was stolid and stupid. There was not enough in St. Louis to hold Orrick Johns; the city had begun to lose the intellectual independence with which men like Reedy had briefly endowed it. The search began, the restless, unsatisfied search which for Orrick Johns has apparently never ended. He found a respite in communism, but he left when life within the party grew "increasingly dry, dull and repetitious." And it is possible that that discovery is characteristic of Americans, at any rate of Orrick Johns's generation.

This is above all a candid book; not that candor which is a kind of exhibitionism, but a frankness that has in it something of humility. Mr. Johns has a deep appreciation of the wisdom and achievement of his father, and that in itself is no small accomplishment for a son who has more often than not been in disagreement with his family. On his side it is plain that the elder Mr. Johns has respected the opinions and prejudices of all his "eccentric" sons and particularly those of the restless poet, Orrick, who again and again, as this narrative shows, returned to Missouri and the generous family rooftree.

One can only suggest the diversity of people and events that crowd the narrative. I found myself wishing in numerous instances that it was less crowded, that some of the big names had been kept out, so that I might know more about the principal characters. For it is on the surface almost entirely, a swift, prodigal narrative, the bones of an American "Buddenbrooks," a "Forsyte Saga" shorn of all dullness. Perhaps now that he has achieved this long perspective Mr. Johns will explore more deeply his American past.

Marquis W. Childs.

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Three Novels

Salute to Yesterday, by Gene Fowler. New York: Random House. $2.50.

THERE is something august, almost sublime, in the unconcern with which Gene Fowler, long one of the stars in Mr. Hearst's blue empyrean, deals with an idea for a novel. In "Salute to Yesterday" he obviously set out to pay homage to a defunct period in American history, that of the Western pioneers; but Mr. Fowler would rather laugh any time than pay homage. Accordingly, he put his original idea through some amazing but pertinent gyrations for a half-dozen chapters, juggled it hilariously for a while, then pitched it out the window.

Probably most of his readers will be glad that he did. One does not usually pay much attention to the theme of a novel by Gene Fowler, if, indeed, one can find it in the first place. Considerably more important is the manner in which he marshals picturesque characters together and then makes them far more picturesque than they were. In his new book his marshaling and transmuting are shown at their best. Captain James Trolley, a crusader in the seemingly paradoxical causes of righteousness and godlessness, is spokesman for the Colorado "yesterday" which the author set out to salute, and the manner of his spokesmanship is as entertaining as anything Fowler has done. Close behind this "Farragut of the plains" march assorted crooks, cheap politicians, a Greek who has epilepsy and visions, a professor with a sense of humor and a mild liking for whiskey, a Moslem with an itching palm, and a typical screen-play reporter who drinks too much and whom the author (How could you, Mr. Fowler?) calls Killgallon.

The book is, in reality, a series of amusing, highly colored feature stories welded into a novel afflicted with periodic spavin, yet thoroughly entertaining. It is Gene Fowler on a romping spree. H. K. ELLINGSON.

The Tide of Time, by Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS once described the novel form as "a large canvas upon which the writer paints the morals and manners of a large number of people." He ventured the prediction, too, that the long awaited "great American novel" would deal with the Civil War period of our history.

Now Mr. Masters has produced a novel proving he can build by his own design. It is not the "great American novel" or anything like it, but it does present an accurate cross-section of one phase of our national heterogeneity. The great Middle West, particularly the section known in 1822 as Illinois, is the background. And through the medium of three generations of the Atterbury family, Masters portrays the virtues and shortcomings, the aspirations and the appetites, the developing social consciousness and the changing ideal of a representative American community.

Masters uses a gentle technique. He expounds Middle Western mores as one who understands their origin and has a kindly, tolerant attitude toward their stupidities. In a broader sense he has tried to show what happens when in "the struggle of society and the contest of nations" the individual is "caught and made a mere puppet or symbol of these uncontrollable world forces."

Masters' prose is inescapably poetic; his characters, reminiscent of Spoon River, are finely and clearly drawn with exact brush strokes. He has lost none of his feeling for personalities. If his depiction of events seems at times a

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trifle clumsy, if in his zeal to collect material he has failed to reject bulky non-essentials, still the conclusion remains that here is an exceedingly fine novel—by all odds Mr. Masters' outstanding prose effort.

FREDERICK GRAHAM.

The South Wind of Love, by Compton Mackenzie. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

THE SECOND volume of "The Four Winds of Love" begins in 1912, a dozen years after the ending of its predecessor, "The East Wind." It takes John Ogilvie from England to America and Italy, and to the Aegean Islands, where he is an intelligence officer during the War. Ogilvie is but vaguely characterized—he is a rather usual young Englishman who has written a successful play—but the French actress he is in the process of shaking off is the realest person who has so far been introduced. The others, whether in the flesh or by letter, appear and disappear with the solemn regularity of merry-go-round horses swinging around the hero. A large part of the story is an exposure of the red tape of militarism, a fictional rewriting of some of the author's trouble-making memoirs. This is the best part of the book, though it sometimes gets the story off the main track. Ogilvie's love affair with the maid of Athens who is the "south wind" takes place on a series of tinted postcards of the Aegean splattered with literary allusions. Like the first volume, this one makes interesting reading. But the disparity between intention and execution becomes evident: the bones of the big design begin to stick through the thin flesh of the smooth and "charming" writing.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Contributors

G. REIMANN is a German economist now living in New York City and the author of a book, "Germany—World Empire or World Revolution?" published this week in England. He has contributed to The Marxist Quarterly, not, as we said in our last issue, to The Modern Monthly.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS (F.P.A.) has been a newspaperman since 1903. "The Conning Tower," his daily column, was known throughout the English-speaking world.

HAROLD COURLANDER, who has returned recently from Haiti, is at work on a book about conditions there.

HENRY C. WOLFE has just finished his annual visit to Central Europe. He is completing a book about Hitler's Drang nach Osten, which Doubleday, Doran will publish in the spring.

HARLOW S. PERSON is a consultant in business economics and management in New York City. He is president and managing director of the Taylor Society, a member of the Great Plains Committee and the author of "Little Waters," a government publication of last year.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE is an editor of The Marxist Quarterly and a member of the Independent Communist Labor League, which is neither Trotskyist nor Stalinist. His most recent works are "Portrait of America" and "Portrait of Mexico," in collaboration with Diego Rivera.

LIN YUTANG'S new book, "The Importance of Living," is the December choice of the Book of the Month Club.

ERNEST O. HAUSER, who does research work for the Institute of Pacific Relations, is working on a book on imperialism.

B. E. BETTINGER, a member of the staff of The New Republic, has contributed book reviews to The Nation and The New York Herald Tribune Books.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS has recently returned from four months abroad, where he gathered material for a book on collective bargaining and the trade unions in Scandinavia.

H. K. ELLINGSON is a reporter and literary columnist on The Colorado Springs Gazette.

FREDERICK GRAHAM is on the staff of The New York Times.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE is literary editor of The Beacon, Chicago's liberal magazine.

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